Psal: 137. 2.
In conspectu Angelorum psallam tibi et adorabo ad Templum sanctum tuum.

Psal: 137. 2.
In conspectu Angelorum psallam tibi et adorabo ad Templum sanctum tuum.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES, AND *CARMEN* DEO NOSTRO

By *Ric. Crashaw*, sometimes Fellow of *Pembroke Hall*, and late Fellow of *St Peters Colledge* in *Cambridge*.

The 2d *Edition.*

In the *SAVOY*,
Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman* at the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange*. 1670.

STEPS
TO THE
TEMPLE
THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
AND
CHRISTS
DEO NOSTRO

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Learned Reader,

THe *Authors friend will not uſurp much upon thy Eye; this is only for thoſe, whom the name of our Divine Poet hath not yet ſeiſed into admiration, I dare undertake, that what* Jamblicus (in vita Pythagoræ) *affirmeth of his Maſter, at his Contemplations, theſe Poems can,* viz. *They ſhalt lift thee Reader, ſome yards above the ground; and, as in*

Pythagoras *School, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty Lectures; so, mayst thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a Heavenly pitch; and thus refined and born up upon the wings of Meditation, in these Poems thou maist talk freely of God, and of that other state.*

Here's Herbert's *second, but equal, who hath retriv'd* Poetry *of late, and return'd it up to its* Primitive *use; Let it bound back to Heaven Gates, whence it came. Think ye St* Augustine *would have steeled his graver Learning with a book of Poetry, had he fancied their dearest end to be the vanity of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-born Verse, might help to measure the soul into that better world:*

world: Divine Poetry; *I dare hold it, in position againſt* Suarez *on the ſubject, to be the Language of the Angels; it is the Quinteſſence of Phantaſie and diſcourſe center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very outgoings of the ſoul; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own Verſe.*

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface thoſe under-headed Poets, Retainers to Seven ſhares and a half; Madrigal fellows, whoſe only buſineſs in Verſe, is to rime a poor Sixpeny Soul, a Subburb ſinner into Hell; ——*May ſuch arrogant pretenders to* Poetry *vaniſh, with their prodigious iſſue of tumorous heats and flaſhes of their adulterate Brains, and for ever after, may this our* Poet *fill up the better room of man. Oh! when the general arraignment of Poets ſhall be, to give an account of their higher ſouls;*

with what a triumphant brow shall our Divine Poet *sit above and look down upon poor* Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, &c. *who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant* Genius *upon Bees, Dung, Frogs, and Gnats*, &c. *and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, Divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels.*

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, *and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in* S. Maries *Church near* St. Peter's *Colledge; there he lodged under* Tertullian's *roof of Angels; there he made his Nest more gladly then* David's *Swallow neer the House of God: where like a Primitive Saint he offered more Prayers in the night, then others usually offer in the day; there he penned these Poems,* Steps

for

for happy Souls to climb Heaven by.

And those other of his pieces, intituled, The Delights of the Muses, *(though of a more Humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.*

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him, he was excellent in Five Languages (besides his Mother-Tongue) viz. Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanish, *the two last whereof he had little help in, they were of his own acquisition.*

Amongst his other accomplishments in Academick (as well Pious as Harmless) Arts, he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limming, Graving, *(exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.*

To the former Qualifications I might add that which would crown them all, his rare moderation in Diet (almost Leſsian Temperance) he never created a Muſe out of diſtempers, nor (with our Canary Scriblers) caſt any ſtrange miſts of Surfets before the intellectual beams of his Mind or Memory, the latter of which he was ſo much a maſter of, that he had there under Lock and Key in readineſs, the richeſt Treaſures of the beſt Greek and Latine Poets, ſome of which Authors he had more at his command by heart, then others that only read their Works, to retain little, and underſtand leſs.

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praiſes, larger then this Book, nor need I longer tranſport thee to think over his vaſt perfections, I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gentleman

(now

(now dead to us) as he himself doth, with the last Line of his Poem upon Bishop Andrews's *Picture before his Sermons.*

Verte paginas,

—Look on his following Leaves and see him breath.

The

The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it be
My life to dye for love of thee.

THE TABLE.

	Page
THe Weeper.	1
O The Tear.	p. 6
On the Water of our Lords Baptiſme.	p. 8
On the Baptized Æthiopian	p. 8
On the Miracle of the multiplied Loaves.	p. 8
Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord,	p. 8
The Widow's Mite.	p. 9
On the Prodigal.	p. 9
On the ſtill ſurviving of our Saviour's wounds.	p. 9
The Sick implore St. Peter's ſhadow.	p. 10
The Dumb healed, and the people injoyned ſilence.	p. 10
Come ſee the place where the Lord lay.	p. 10
To Pontius waſhing his hands.	p. 10
To the Infant Martyrs.	p. 11
On the Miracle of Loaves.	p. 11
Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?	p. 11
On the Bleſſed Virgins baſhfulneſs.	p. 12
Upon Lazarus his Tears.	p. 12
Two went up into the Temple to pray.	p. 12
Upon the Aſs that bore our Saviour.	p. 13
I am not worthy that thou ſhouldſt come under my Roof.	p. 13
Upon the Powder day.	p. 13
I am the door.	p. 13
The blind cured by the word of our Saviour.	p. 14

And

And he answer'd them nothing. p. 14
To our Lord upon the Water made Wine. p. 14
Neither durst any man from that day ask him any more questions. p. 15
Upon our Saviour's Tomb wherein never man was laid p. 16
It is better to go into Heaven with one Eye, &c. p. 16
Upon the dumb Devil cast out, and the slanderous Jew put to silence. p.
And a certain Priest coming that way looked on him and passed by. p. 17
Blessed be the Paps which thou hast sucked. p. 17
To Pontius *washing his blood-stained hands.* p. 17
Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets. p. 18
Upon the Infant Martyrs. p. 18
Verily I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament. p. 18
Upon our Lord's last comfortable discourse with his Disciples. p. 19
Dives *asking a drop.* p. 19
Give to Cesar *and to God.* p. 19
But now they have seen and heard. p. 20
Upon the crown of Thorns taken from our blessed Lords head all bloody. p. 20
She began to wash his feet with Tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head. p. 20
On St Peter *cutting off* Malchus *his ear.* p. 21
But men loved darkness rather then light. p. 21
I am ready, not only to be bound but to dye p. 21
On St Peter's *casting away his Nets at our Saviour's call.* p. 21
Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father. p. 22
On the wounds of our crucified Lord. p. 22

On

The TABLE.

On our crucified Lord, naked and bloody. p. 23
Easter-day. p. 24
On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Saviour. p. 24
Sampson *to* Dalilah. p. 26
Psalm 23. p. 26
Psalm 137. p. 28
A Hymn on the Nativity, sung by the Shepherds. p. 29
Sospetto d'Herode. p. 33
On a Prayer book sent to Mistris M. R. p. 56
On Mr. G. Herbert's *Book, intituled, The Temple of sacred Poems sent to a Gentlewoman.* p. 60
A Hymn to the Name and Honour of St. Teresa, *that sought an early Martyrdom.* p. 61
An Apology for the precedent Hymn. p. 67
On a Treatise of Charity. p. 68
On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. p 70
A Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord. p. 72
On Hope by way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley *and* R. Crashaw, p. 74
Musick's Duel. p. 81
Upon the death of a Gentleman. p. 86
Upon the death of Mr. Herris p. 87
Another on the same. p. 89
Another. p. 91
His Epitaph p. 93
An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife who died and were buried together. p. 95
An Epitaph upon Dr. Brook. p. 95
Upon Mr. Stanhough's *death.* p. 96
Upon the Duke of York's *birth, a Panegyrick.* p. 97
Upon Ford's *Two Tragedies.* p. 100
On a foul morning being then to take a journey. p. 101

Upon

The TABLE.

Upon the fair Æthiopian sent to a Gentlewoman. p. 102
On Marriage. p. 102
To the morning, satisfaction for sleep. p. 102
Loves Horoscope p. 104
Out of Virgil *in praise of the Spring.* p. 106
With a picture sent to a friend. p. 107
In praise of Lessius *his rule of Health.* p. 108
The beginning of Heliodorus. p. 109
Out of the Greek, *Cupid's Cryer.* p. 110
On Nanus. p. 112
Upon Venus *putting on* Mars *his Arms.* p. 115
Upon the same. p. 115
Upon Bishop Andrew's *Picture before his Sermons.* p. 115
Out of Martial p. 116
Out of Italian, *a Song.* p. 117
Another out of Italian. p. 119
Another. p. 119
On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's *Chronologie.* p. 120
Another. p. 121
An Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton, *a Conformable Citizen.* p. 122
Wishes to his supposed Mistress p. 124
In Picturam reverendissimi Episcopi *D. Andrews.* p. 129
Epitaphium in Dominum Herrisium. p. 129
Principi recens natæ omen Maternæ Indolis. p. 131
In Reginæ partum hyemalem. p. 133
Ad Reginam. p. 134
In faciem Regis a morbillis Integram. p. 135
Rex Redux. p. 136
Ad Principem nondum natum. p. 137
Crashaw *the Anagram,* He Was Car. p. 141
To the Countess of Denbigh, *perswading her to resolu-*
tion

tion, &c. p. 143
To the Name above every name, the Name Jesus, a Hymn. p. 146.
A Hymn on the Epiphany sung as by the Three Kings. p. 153
To the Queen upon Twelfth-day. p. 161
The Office of the Holy Cr h p. 162
For the hour of Prime. p. 164
The Third. p. 165
The Sixth. p. 167
The Ninth, p. 169
Even-song. p. 170
Compline. p. 172
The Recommendation. p. 173
Vexilla Regis, *The Hymn of the Holy Cross,* p. 174
Charitas Nimia, *Or the dear Bargain.* p. 176
Sancta Maria dolorosa, *or, The Mother of sorrows.* p. 178
The Hymn of St Thomas, *in Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.* p. 183
The Hymn Lauda Sion, *&c.* p. 187
The Hymn in meditation of the day of judgement. p. 191
The Hymn, O Glorioſa Domina. p. 194
The Flaming heart, upon the Book and Picture of St. Tereſa. p. 196
A Song. p. 197
Second part. p. 197
To Miſtreſs M.R. *Councel concerning her Choiſe.* p. 198
Alexias. *The complaint of the forſaken wife of Saint* Alexis. *The Firſt Elegy.* p. 200
The Second Elegy. p. 201
The Third Elegy. p. 202

Deſcrip-

The TABLE.

Description of a Religious House and condition of Life &c. p. 203

Death's Lecture, the Funeral of a young Gentleman. p. 296

Temperance, or the cheap Physitian, upon the Translation of Lessius. p. 297

The

The Weeper.

1 ail Sister Springs,
Parents of Silver-forded rills!
Ever bubling things!
Thawing Christal! Snowy Hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair Eyes sweet *Magdalene.*

2 Heavens thy fair Eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And Stars thou sow'st whose Harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
What ever makes Heavens fore-head fine.

3 But we 're deceived all,
Stars they 're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heavens other spangles do:
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so pretious.

4 Upwards thou dost weep,
Heavens bosome drinks the gentle stream,
Where th' Milky Rivers meet,
Thine Crawls above and is the Cream.

Heaven, of such fair Floods as this,
Heaven the Christal Ocean is.

5 Every morn from hence,
A brisk Cherub something sips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest Lips.
Then to his Musick, and his Song
Tastes of this breakfast all-day long.

6 When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a Feast,
Angels with their Bottles come;
And draw from these full Eyes of thine,
Their Masters Water, their own Wine.

7 The Dew no more will weep,
The Primroses pale Cheek to deck,
The Dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzel'd in the Lillies Neck.
Much rather would it Tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy Tear.

8 Not the soft Gold which
Steals from the Amber-weeping Tree,
Makes Sorrow half so Rich,
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrows best Jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the Keys.

9 When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest Majesty,

(For she is a Queen)
Then is she dreſt by none but thee.
Then, and only then she wears
Her richeſt Pearls, I mean thy Tears.

10 Not in the Evenings Eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a Face so fair.
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetneſs so sad, sadneſs so sweet.

11 Sadneſs all the while
She sits in such a Throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes the sadneſs is:
Gladneſs it self would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

12 There is no need at all
That the Balsome-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall,
His med'cinable Tears; for now
Nature hath learn't t' extract a Dew,
More Soveraign and Sweet from you.

13 Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the ease of Woe,
Softly let them creep
Sad that they are vanquiſh't so,
They, though to others no relief,
May Balsome be for their own grief.

14 Golden though he be,
Golden *Tagus* murmurs though,

Might he flow from thee,
Content and quiet would he go;
Richer far does he esteem
Thy Silver, then his Golden stream.

15 Well does the *May* that lies
Smiling in thy Cheeks, confess,
The *April* in thine Eyes,
Mutual sweetness they express.
No *April* e'r lent softer Showres,
Nor *May* returned fairer Flowers.

16 Thus dost thou melt the year
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth here;
Takes his Tear and gets him gone;
By thine Eyes tinct enobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

17 Time as by thee he passes,
Makes thy ever-watry Eyes
His Hour-Glasses;
By them his steps he rectifies.
The Sands he us'd no longer please,
For his own Sands he'l use thy Seas.

18 Does thy Song lull the Air?
Thy Tears just Cadence still keeps time,
Does thy sweet breath'd *Prayer*
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is each stop:
A Bead, that is a Tear doth drop.

19 Does the Night arise?
Still thy Tears do fall, and fall.

Does

Does night looſe her Eyes?
Still the Fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day do what they will,
Thou haſt thy Taske, thou weepeſt ſtill.

20 Not, ſo long ſhe liv'd,
Will thy Tomb report of thee,
But ſo long ſhe griev'd,
Thus muſt we date thy memory.
Others by Days, by Moneths, by Years
Meaſure their Ages, Thou by Tears.

21 Say watry Brothers
Ye ſimpering Sons of thoſe fair Eyes,
Your fertile Mothers.
What hath our World that can entice
You to be born? what is't can borrow
You from her Eyes ſwoln wombs of Sorrow.

22 Whither away ſo faſt?
O whither? for the ſluttiſh Earth
Your ſweetneſs cannot taſte,
Nor does the Duſt deſerve your Birth.
Whither haſte ye then? O ſay
Why ye trip ſo faſt away?

23 We go not to ſeek
The darlings of *Aurora's* Bed,
The Roſes modeſt Cheek
Nor the Violets humble head.
No ſuch thing; we goe to meet
A worthier Object, *Our Lords* Feet.

The Tear.

1 WHat bright ſoft thing is this?
Sweet *Mary* thy fair Eyes expence?
A moiſt ſpark it is,
A watry Diamond; from whence
The very Term, I think, was found
The water of a *Diamond.*

2 O 'tis not a Tear,
'Tis a Star about to drop
From thine Eye its ſphear;
The Sun will ſtoop and take it up.
Proud will his Siſter be to wear
This thine Eyes Jewel in her Ear.

3 O 'tis a Tear,
Too true a Tear; for no ſad Eyne,
How ſad ſoe'r,
Rain ſo true a Tear as thine;
Each Drop leaving a place ſo dear,
Weeps for it ſelf, is its own Tear.

4 Such a Pearl as this is,
(Slipt from *Aurora*'s dewy Breſt)
The Roſe-buds ſweet Lip kiſſes;
And ſuch the Roſe its ſelf when vext
With ungentle flames, does ſhed,
Sweating in too warm a Bed.

5 Such the Maiden Gemme
By the wanton Spring put on,
Peeps from her Parent ſtemme,
And bluſhes on the watry Sun:
This watry Bloſſome of thy Eyne
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

6 Fair Drop, why quak'ſt thou ſo?
'Cauſe thou ſtreight muſt lay thy Head
In the Duſt? O no;
The Duſt ſhall never be thy Bed:
A Pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with Down of Angels wing.

7 Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou muſt go)
Sweetly ſhalt thou lye,
And in ſoft ſlumbers bath thy Woe;
Till the ſinging Orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright *Chorus* make thee.

8 There thy ſelf ſhalt be
An Eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither th' hadſt rather there have ſhone
An Eye of Heaven; or ſtill ſhine here
In th' Heaven of *Mary*'s eye, a *Teare*.

Divine Epigrams.

On the water of our Lords Baptisme.

EAch Blest Drop on each Blest Limb,
Is washt it self, in washing him:
'Tis a Gemme while it stays here;
While it falls hence 'tis a Tear.

Act. 8.

On the Baptized Æthiopian.

LEt it no longer be a forlorn-hope
To wash an Ethiope:
He's washt, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his White Soul is made:
And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove,
A black-fac'd house will love.

On the Miracle of multiplied Loaves.

SEe here an easie Feast that knows no wound,
That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found:
A subtle Harvest of unbounded bread,
What would ye more? Here Food it self is fed.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

HEre, where our Lord once laid his Head,
Now the Grave lies Buried.

The Widows Mites.

TWo Mites, two Drops, (yet all her Houſe and Land)
Falls from a ſteady Heart, though trembling Hand:
The others wanton wealth foams high, and brave,
The other caſt away, ſhe only gave.

Luke 15.

On the Prodigal.

TEll me bright Boy, tell me my Golden Lad,
Whither away ſo frolick? why ſo glad?
What all thy Wealth in Council? all thy State?
Are Huſks ſo deer? troth 'tis a Mighty Rate.

On the ſtill ſurviving Marks of our Saviours Wounds.

WHat ever ſtory of their cruelty,
Or Nail, or Thorn, or Spear have writ in Thee,
Are in another Sence
Still Legible;
Sweet is the difference:
Once I did ſpell
Every red Letter
A wound of thine,
Now, (what is better)
Balſome for mine.

Act. 5.

The Sick implore St. Peter's shadow.

UNder thy shadow may I lurk a while,
Death's busie search I'll easily beguile:
Thy shadow *Peter*, must shew me the Sun,
My Light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

Mar. 7.

The Dumb healed, and the People enjoyned silence.

CHrist bids the dumb Tongue speak, it speaks, the
He charges to be quiet, it runs round, (sound
If in the first he us'd his fingers Touch:
His hands whole strength here, could not be too much.

Mat. 28.

Come see the place where the Lord lay.

SHow me himself, himself (bright Sir) O show
Which way my poor Tears to himself may go,
Were it enough to show the place, and say,
Look, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay.
Then could I show these Arms of mine, and say,
Look, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius *washing his hands.*

THy Hands are washt, but O the water's spilt,
That labour'd to have washt thy guilt:

The

The Flood, if any can that can ſuffice,
Muſt have its Fountain in thine Eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.

GO ſmiling Souls, your new built Cages break,
In Heav'n you'l learn to ſing e'r here to ſpeak,
Nor let the milky Fonts that bath your Thirſt,
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence, is at the worſt
* Milk all the way. * ỹ milk way

On the Miracle of Leaves.

NOw Lord, or never, they'l beleeve on thee.
Thou to their Teeth haſt prov'd thy Deity.

Mark 4.

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?

AS if the ſtorm meant him;
Or 'cauſe Heavens face is dim,
His needs a Cloud.
Was ever froward wind
That could be ſo unkind,
Or wave ſo proud?
The Wind had need be angry, and the Water black,
That to the mighty *Neptune's* ſelf dare threaten wrack.

There is no ſtorm but this
Of your own Cowardiſe

That

That braves you out;
You are the ſtorm that mocks
Your ſelves; you are the Rocks
Of your own doubt:
Beſides this fear of danger, there's no danger here,
And he that here fears Danger, does deſerve his Fear.

On the bleſſed Virgins baſhfulneſs.

'Tis Hat on her Lap ſhe caſts her humble Eye,
'Tis the ſweet pride of her Humility.
The fair Star is well fixt, for where, O where
Could ſhe have fixt it on a fairer Sphear?
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n ſhe ſees, Heav'ns God there lies,
She can ſee Heaven, and ne'r lift up her Eyes:
This new Gueſt to her Eyes new Laws hath given,
'Twas once *look up*, 'Tis now *look down* to Heaven.

Upon Lazarus *his Tears.*

Rich *Lazarus*! richer in thoſe Gems, thy Tears,
Then *Dives* in the Robes he wears:
He ſcorns them now, but O they'l ſute full well
With th' Purple he muſt wear in Hell.

Two went up into the Temple to Pray.

TWo went to pray? O rather ſay
One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One ſtands up cloſe and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his Eye.

One neerer to Gods Altar trod,
The other to the Altar's God.

Upon

Upon the Asse that bore our Saviour.

HAth onely Anger an Omnipotence
In Eloquence?
Within the Lips of Love and Joy doth dwell
No Miracle?
Why else had *Balaams* Asse a Tongue to chide
His Masters Pride?
And thou (Heaven-burthen'd Beast) hast ne'r a word
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a Tongue and vocal Thunder,
Was a great wonder.
But O me-thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'st none.

Matt. 8.

I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my Roof.

THy God was making haste into thy Roof,
Thy humble Faith and Fear keeps him aloof:
He'l be thy Guest, because he may not be,
He'l come ——— into thy house? no, into thee.

Upon the Powder-day.

HOw fit our well-rank'd Feasts do follow,
All mischief comes after *All-Hallow.*

I am the Door.

AND now th'art set wide ope, the Spear's sad Art,
Lo! hath unlockt thee at the very Heart:

He

He to himself (I fear the worst)
And his own hope
Hath *shut* these Doors of Heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope.

Matt. 10.

The Blind Cured by the word of our Saviour.

THou speak'st the Word (thy Word's a Law)
Thou Speak'st, and straight the blind man saw.
To speak and make the Blind man See,
Was never man Lord spake like Thee.
To speak thus, was to speak (say I)
Not to his Ear, but to his Eye.

Matthew 22.

And he answered them nothing.

O Mighty *Nothing!* unto thee,
Nothing we owe all things that be,
God spake once, when he all things made,
He say'd All when he *Nothing* said.
The World was made of *Nothing* then,
'Tis made by *Nothing* now again.

To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine.

THou Water turn'st to Wine (fair Friend of Life)
Thy Foe to cross the sweet Arts of thy Reign,
Distils from thence the Tears of Wrath and Strife,
And so turns Wine to Water back again.

Matt.

Matthew 22.

Neither durſt any man from that Day ask him any more Queſtions.

MIdſt all the dark and knotty Snares,
Black Wit or Malice can or dares,
Thy Glorious Wiſdom breaks the Nets,
And treads with uncontrouled ſteps.
Thy quel'd Foes are not only now
Thy Triumphs, but thy Trophies too:
They, both at once thy Conqueſts be,
And thy Conqueſts Memory.
Stony Amazement makes them ſtand
Waiting on thy Victorious hand,
Like Statues fixed to the Fame
Of thy renown, and their own ſhame:
As if they only meant to breath,
To be the Life of their own Death.
'Twas time to hold their Peace when they
Had ne'r another word to ſay:
Yet is their ſilence unto thee,
The full ſound of thy Victory.
Their ſilence ſpeaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd *Panegyrik*.
While they ſpeak nothing, they ſpeak all
Their ſhare, in thy Memorial.
While they ſpeak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the ſhrilleſt Trump of Fame.
To hold their peace is all the ways,
Theſe Wretches have to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

Upon our Saviours Tomb wherein never man was laid.

HOw Life and Death in Thee
Agree?
Thou had'st a Virgin Womb
And Tomb.
A *Joseph* did betroth
Them both.

It is better to go into Heaven with one Eye, &c.

ONe Eye? a Thousand rather, and a Thousand more,
To fix those full-fac't Glories, O he's poor
Of Eyes that has but *Argus* store, (Thee,
Yet if thoul't fill one poor Eye with thy Heaven and
O grant (sweet Goodness) that one Eye may be
All, and every whit of me.

Luke 11.

Upon the dumb Devil cast out, and the slanderous Jews put to silence.

TWo Devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A *Speaking* Devil this, a *Dumb* one that;
Wa'st thy full Victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

Luk.

Luk. 10.

And a certain Priest coming that way looked on him and passed by.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye, (by
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwrack mine, for
Unmov'd to see one wretched, is to make him so. (O!

Luk. 11.

Blessed be the Paps which Thou hast sucked.

Suppose he had been Tabled at thy Teats,
Thy Hunger feels not what he Eats:
He'l have his Teat e'r long (a bloody one)
The Mother then must suck the son.

To Pontius *washing his Blood-stained hands.*

Is Murther no sin? or a sin so cheap,
That thou need'st heap
A Rape upon't? till thy Adult'rous touch
Taught her these sulled Cheeks, this blubber'd Face,
She was a Nimph, the Meadows knew none such,
Of honest Parentage, of unstain'd Race,
The Daughter of a fair and well-fam'd Fountain
As ever Silver tipt, the side of shady Mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
Nothing but Tears;
Each drop's a Tear that weeps for her own wast;
Hark how at every touch she does complain her;
Hark how she bids her frighted Drops make haste;
And with sad Murmurs, chides the hands that stain her.
Leave, leave, for shame, or else (Good judge) decree,
What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee.

Matthew 23.

Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.

THou trim'st a Prophet's Tomb, and dost bequeath
The Life thou took'st from him unto his *Death.*
Vain Man! the stones that on his Tomb do lie,
Keep but the score of them that made him die.

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

TO see both blended in one Flood,
The Mothers Milk, the Childrens Blood,
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather,
Roses hence, or *Lillies* rather.

Joh. 16.

Verily I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament.

WElcome my Grief, my Joy; how dear's
To me my Legacy of Tears!

I'll

I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
Thou, thou (Dear Lord) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou giv'st none.

Joh. 15.

Upon our Lords last comfortable Discourse with his Disciples,

ALl *Hybla's* Honey, all that sweetness can
Flows in thy Song (O fair, O dying Swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luk. 16.

Dives *asking a drop.*

A Drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my Pearl-tipt fingers top?
My Wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
Spare this one Jewel; I'll be *Dives* still.

Mark. 12.

(*Give to* Cæsar ——)
(*And to God* ——)

ALl we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a Debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
What ever *Cæsar's* payments are;

All is God's, and yet 'tis true,
All we have is *Cæsar's* too;
All is *Cæsar's*, and what odds
So long as *Cæsar's* self is Gods?

But now they have seen and hated.

SEen? and yet hated Thee? they did not see,
They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee:
No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw ought in Thee that their Hate could move?

Upon the Crown of Thorns taken from our Blessed Lords Head all bloody.

KNow'st thou this Soldier? 'tis a much chang'd Plant, (which yet
Thy Self didst set,
'Tis chang'd indeed, did *Autumn* e'r such Beauty bring
To shame his Spring?
O! who so hard an Husbandman could ever find
A Soyl so kind?
Is not the Soil a kind one (think ye) that returns
Roses for *Thorns*?

She began to wash his Feet with Tears and wipe them with the Hairs of her Head.

HEr Eyes Flood licks his Feets fair stain,
Her Hairs Flame licks up that again.
This Flame thus quench'th that's brighter Beams;
This Flood thus stained fairer Streams.

On St. Peter cutting off Malchus his Ear.

WEll *Peter* dost thou wield thy active Sword,
Well for thy self (I mean) not for thy Lord.
To strike at Ears, is to take heed there be
No witness, *Peter*, of thy Perjury.

Joh. 3.

But Men loved Darkness rather than Light.

THe Worlds Light shines, shine as it will,
The World will love its Darkness still;
I doubt though, when the World's in Hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

Act. 21.

I am ready not onely to be Bound but to Dye.

COme death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words Mans Cowardise calls Fears,
Save those of Fear, no other Bands fear I;
Nor other Death then this; the fear to Die.

On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviours Call.

THou hast the Art on't *Peter*, and canst tell
To cast thy Nets on all occasions well.

When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee stay;
To cast them Well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

TO thee these First Fruits of my growing Death
(For what else is my life?) lo I bequeath.
Taste this, and as thourlik'st this lesser flood
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades here now, e'r long shall swim
The Flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
To drown the wantonness of his wild Thirst.
Now's but the Nonage of my Pains, my Fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The Day of my dark Woes is yet but Morn,
My Tears but tender, and my Death new-born.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefs give fate some guess,
These Cradle-torments have their towardness.
These Purple buds of blooming Death may be,
Erst the full Stature of a fatal Tree.
And till my riper Woes to Age are come,
This Knife may be the Spears *Præludium.*

On the wounds of our crucified Lord.

O These wakeful Wounds of thine!
Are they Mouths? or are they Eyes?
Be they Mouthes, or be they Eyn,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo!

Lo! a Mouth, whose full-bloom'd Lips
At too dear a rate are Roses.
Lo! a blood-shot Eye! that weeps
And many a cruel Tear discloses.

O thou that on this Foot hast laid
Many a Kiss, and many a Teat,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
Whatsoe'r thy Charges were.

This Foot hath got a Mouth and Lips,
To pay the sweet summe of thy Kisses:
To pay thy Tears, an Eye that weeps
Instead of Tears such Gems as this is.

The difference onely this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The Debt is paid in *Ruby*-Tears,
Which thou in Pearls didst lend.

On our crucified Lord Naked and Bloody.

'TH' have left thee Naked Lord, O that they had;
This Garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thy self they have too richly clad,
Opening the Purple Wardrobe of thy Side.
O never could be found Garments too good
For thee to wear, but these, of thine own Blood.

Easter-day.

RIse, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy Virgin-Tomb:
Rise Mighty man of Wonders, and thy world with thee

Thy Tomb, the universal Ball,
Natures new Womb, Rose
Thy Tomb, fair Immortalities perfumed Nest,

Of all the Glories make Noon gay
This is the Morn.
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of day.
In Joyes white Annals live this hour,
When life was born,
No Cloud scoul on his radiant Lids, no Tempest lowre.

Life, by this Light's Nativity
All Creatures have.
Death onely by this days just Doom is forc't to dye,
Nor is Death forc't; for may he lye
Thron'd in thy Grave,
Death will on this condition be content to dye.

On the bleeding Wounds of our crucified Lord.

JEsu, no more, it is full Tide,
From thy Hands and from thy Feet,
From thy Head, and from thy Side,
All thy *Purple Rivers* meet.

Thy restless Feet, they cannot go,
For us and our Eternal good
As they are wont, what though?
They Swim, alas, in their own Flood.

Thy Hand to give, thou canst not lift;
Yet will thy Hand still giving be;
It gives, but O it self's the Gift,
It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But

But Oh thy Side! thy deep dig'd Side
That hath a double *Nilus* going,
Nor ever was the *Pharian* Tide
Half so Fruitful, half so Flowing.

What need thy fair Head bear a port
In Tears? as if thine Eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thine Heart,
That strives in Torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showres they bring,
The Thorns that thy Blest Brows encloses
(A cruel and a costly Spring)
Conceive proud hopes of proving Roses.

Not a Hair but pays his River
To this *Red Sea* of thy Blood,
Their little Channels can deliver
Something to the general Flood.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the Rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong; there is but one,
But O that one is one all o're.

Rain-swoln Rivers may rise proud
Threatning all to overflow,
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

This thy Bloods deluge (a dire chance
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance,
A Deluge lest we should be drown'd.

Ne'r was't thou in a Sence so sadly True,
The Well of living Waters, Lord, till now.

Sampson

Sampson to his Dalilah.

COuld not once blinding me, Cruel, suffice?
When first I look't on thee, I lost mine Eyes.

Psalm. 23.

HAppy me! O happy Sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of Bliss;
On whose Pastures cheerful Spring,
All the year doth sit and Sing,
And rejoycing, smiles to see
Their Green Backs wear his Livery:
Pleasure sings my Soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her Brest,
Whose sweet Temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my Feet the blub'ring Mountain
Weeping, melts into a Fountain,
Whose soft silver-sweating Streams
Make high Noon forget his Beams:
When my waiward Breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid Grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my simple weakness strays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my Shepheard) is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me, he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:

He

He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a Path clear as the Day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted Feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new laies
Tun'd to my great Sheapheards praise.
Come now all ye Terrors, Sally,
Muster forth into the Valley,
Where Triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable Wing, that covers
Brooding Horror. Come thou Death,
Let the damps of thy dull Breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make darkness self-afraid;
There my Feet, even there shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still my Shepheard, still my God
Thou art with me, Still thy Rod,
And thy Staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy Word
Crown'd abundance spreads my Board:
While I Feast, my Foes do feed
Their rank Malice, not their Need,
So that with the self-same Bread
They are Starv'd, and I am Fed.
How my Head in Ointment swims!
How my Cup o're-looks her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the Line of thy dear Love;
Still may thy sweet Mercy spread
A Shady Arm above my Head,

About my Paths, so shall I find
The fair Center of my mind
Thy Temple, and those Lovely walls
Bright ever with a Beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine Eye,
Lighting to Eternity.
There I'le dwell for ever, there
Will I find a purer Air.
To feed my Life with, there I'le sup
Balme and Nectar in my Cup,
And thence my ripe Soul will I breath
Warm into the Arms of Death.

Psalm 137.

ON the proud Banks of great *Euphrates* Flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our Harps that now no Musick understood,
Nodding on the Willows slept,
While unhappy captiv'd we
Lovely *Sion* thought on thee.

They, they that snatch'd us from our Countreys Breast
Would have a Song ravi'd to their Ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel Jest!)
When Harps and Hearts were drown'd in Tears:
Come, they cry'd, come Sing and Play
One of *Sions* Songs to day.

Sing? Play? to whom (ah) shall we Sing or Play
If not *Jerusalem* to thee?
Ah thee *Jerusalem*? ah sooner may
This Hand forget the Mastery
Of Musicks dainty touch, then I
The Musick of thy Memory.

Whi

Which when I lose, O may at once my Tongue
Lose this same busie speaking Art
Unpearcht, her vocal Arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my Heart,
On my dry Pallats roof to rest
A wither'd Leaf, an idle Guest.

No, no, thy good, *Sion* alone must Crown
The head of all my hope-nurst Joyes.
But *Edom* cruel thou! thou cry'dst down, down
Sink *Sion*, down and never rise,
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into Dust.

Dost laugh? proud *Babels* Daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruine teach thee Tears,
Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes too late doe rouze thy fears.
Laugh till thy Childrens bleeding Bones
Weep precious Tears upon the stones.

Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.

A Hymn of the Nativity, sung by the Shepheards.

Chorus. COme we Shepheards who have seen
Days King depos'd by Nights Queen.
Come lift we up our lofty Song,
To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He in this our general Joy,
Slept, and Dreamt of no such thing
While we found out the fair-ey'd Boy,
And kist the Cradle of our King;

Tell

Tell him he rises now too late,
To shew us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can shew him more
Then he e'r shew'd to Mortal sight,
Then he himself e'r saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his Light:
Tell him *Tityrus* where th' hast been,
Tell him *Thyrsis* what th' hast seen.

Tityrus. Gloomy Night, embrac't the place
Where the Noble Infant lay:
The Babe lookt up, and shew'd his Face,
In spight of Darkness it was Day.
It was thy Day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the *East*, but from thy Eyes.

Thyrsis. Winter chid the World, and sent
The angry *North* to wage his Wars:
The *North* forgot his fierce intent,
And left Perfumes instead of Scars:
By those sweet Eyes persuasive Powers,
Where he meant Frosts, he scattered Flowers.

Both. We saw thee in thy Balmy-Nest,
Bright Dawn of our *Eternal Day*;
We saw thine Eyes break from the *East*,
And chase the trembling Shades away:
We saw thee (and we blest the sight)
We saw thee by thine own sweet Light.

Tityrus. I saw the curl'd Drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o'r the places head,
Offring their whitest sheets of Snow,
To furnish the fair Infants Bed.

Forbear

Forbear (said I) be not too bold,
Your Fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrsis. I saw th' Officious Angels bring,
The Down that their soft Brests did strow,
For well they now can spare their Wings,
When Heaven it self lies here below,
Fair Youth, (said I) be not too rough,
Your Down though soft's not soft enough.

Tityrus. The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
Where to lay his Lovely Head,
But streight his Eyes advis'd his Cheek,
'Twixt Mothers Brests to goe to Bed.
Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in Snow.

All. Welcome to our wondring sight
Eternity shut in a Span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!
Chorus. Heaven in Earth! and God in Man!
Great little one, whose Glorious Birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to Gold, nor Silk,
To more then *Cæsar*'s Birth-right is.
Two Sister-Seas of Virgins Milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd Kiss,
That Breaths at once both Maid and Mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy Tears asleep, and dips
Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,
She spreads the red Leaves of thy Lips,
That in their Buds yet Blushing lye.

She

She 'gainſt thoſe Mother-Diamonds tryes
The points of her young Eagles Eyes.

Welcome, (though not to thoſe gay Flies
Gilded i' th' Beams of Earthly Kings
Slippery Souls in ſmiling Eyes:)
But to poor Shepheards, ſimple things,
That are no Varnish, no oyl'd Arts,
But ſit clean Hands full of cleer Hearts.

Yet when young *April* Husband Showers,
Shall Bleſs the fruitful *Maia*'s Bed,
We'l bring the firſt-born of her Flowers,
To Kiſs thy Feet, and Crown thy Head.
To thee (Dread Lamb,) whoſe Love muſt keep
The Shepheards, while they feed their Sheep.

To thee meek Majeſty, ſoft King
Of ſimple Graces and ſweet Loves,
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his pair of Silver Doves.
At laſt, in fire of thy fair Eyes,
We'l burn our own beſt Sacrifice.

Soſpetto d' Herode.

Libro Primo.

Argomento.

Caſting the times with their ſtrong ſignes,
Death's Maſter his own his own death Divines;
Struggling for Help, his beſt Hope is,
Herod's *ſuſpition may heal his;*
Therefore he ſends a Fiend to wake,
The ſleeping Tyrants fond miſtake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whoſe Birth
Mean's Heav'n, ſhould meddle with his Earth.

1

MUſe, now the ſervant of ſoft Loves no more,
Hate is thy Theame, and *Herod*, whoſe unbleſt
Hand (ſo what dares not jealous Greatneſs?) tore
A thouſand ſweet Babes from their Mothers Breſt,
The Blooms of Martydome. O be a Door
Of Language to my Infant Lips, ye beſt
Of Confeſſors: whoſe Throats anſwering his ſwords,
Gave forth your Blood for Breath, ſpoke Souls for (Words.

2

Great *Anthony* ! *Spains* well-beſeeming pride,
Thou Mighty Branch of Emperours and Kings,
The Beauties of whoſe dawn what Eye may bide,
Which with the Sun himſelf weighs equal Wings,
Mapp of Heroick worth ! whom far and wide
To the beleeving World Fame boldly ſings :
Deign thou to wear this humble Wreath that bowes,
To be the ſacred Honour of thy Brows.

3.

Nor needs my Muſe a Bluſh, or theſe bright Flow'rs
Other then what their own bleſt Beauties bring,
They were the ſmiling Sons of thoſe ſweet Bow'rs,
That drink the Dew of Life, whoſe deathleſs Spring,
Nor *Sirian* Flame, nor *Boreas* Froſt deflow'rs :
From whence Heav'n-labouring Bees with buſie wing,
Suck hidden Sweets, which well digeſted proves
Immortal Honey for the Hive of Loves.

4.

Thou, whoſe ſtrong Hand with ſo tranſcendent worth,
Holds high the Rein of fair *Parthenope*,
That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
A Name in Noble Deeds Rival to thee !
Thy Fames full noiſe, makes proud the patient Earth,
Far more then Matter for my Muſe and me.
The *Tyrrhene* Seas and Shores ſound all the ſame,
And in their Murmures keep thy Mighty Name.

5. Below

5.

Below the bottom of the great *Abysse*,
There where one Center reconciles all things,
The Worlds profound Heart pants; there placed is
Mischiefs old Master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kiss
His correspondent Cheeks: these loathsome Strings
Hold the perverse Prince in Eternal Ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the Skies.

6.

The Judge of Torments, and the King of Tears:
He fills a burnisht Throne of quenchless fire:
And for his old fair Robes of Light, he wears
A gloomy Mantle of dark Flames, the Tire
That Crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where seav'n tall Horns (his Empires pride) aspire.
And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horn
Seav'n Crested *Hydra's* horribly adorn.

7.

His Eyes the sullen Dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull Air with a dismal Red:
Such his fell Glances as the fatal Light
Of staring Comets, that look Kingdoms dead:
From his black Nostrils, and blew Lips, in spight
Of Hells own stink, a worser stench is spread.
His Breath Hells Lightning is: and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n Thunders alone.

8.

His Flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful Pile gives fiery Breath;
Whose unconsum'd Consumption preys upon
The never-dying Life, of a long death.
In this sad House of slow Destruction,
(His shop of Flames) he fries himself, beneath
A mass of Woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,
While his Steel sides sound with with his Tails strong (lash.

9.

Three Rigorous Virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the Throne of th'Iron-Sceptered King:
With whips of Thorns and knotty Vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank Thoughts need a sting:
Their Locks are Beds of uncomb'd Snakes that wind
About their shady Brows in wanton Rings.
Thus Reigns the wrathful King, and while he Reigns,
His Scepter and himself both he disdains.

10.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold Sin cost
Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes?
How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd and crost
The Glories that did Guild thee in thy Rise?
Proud Morning of a perverse Day! how lost
Art thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
Narcissus? fooliſh *Phaeton*? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a Flaming fall.

11.

From Death's sad shades to the Life-breathing Air,
This mortal Enemy to Mankinds good,
Lifts his malignant Eyes, wasted with care,
To become Beautiful in humane Blood.
Where *Jordan* melts his Chrystal, to make fair
The Fields of *Palestine*; with so pure a Flood,
There does he fix his Eyes: and there Detects
New matter, to make good his great suspects.

12.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deep Thought he revolves the Dark
Sibills Divining Leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old Propheſies, trembling to mark
How many present Prodigies conspire;
To Crown their past Predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

13.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he saw
To a poor *Galilean* Virgin sent:
How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal Flow'rs to her fair Hand present.
He saw th' old *Hebrews* womb, neglect the Law
Of Age and Barrenness, and her Babe prevent
His Birth, by his Devotion, who begin
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

14.

He saw Rich Nectar Thaws, release the Rigor
Of th' Icy *North*, from Frost-bound *Atlas* hands
His Adamantine Fetters fall: green Vigor
Gladding the *Scythian* Rocks and *Libian* Sands.
He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
Winters sad Face, and through the flowry Lands
Of fair *Engaddi* Honey-sweating Fountains (tains.
With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Moun-

15.

He saw how in that Blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a Dawn of Angels with new Light
Amaz'd the midnight World, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not, Mad with Spight
He markt how the poor Shepheards ran to pay
Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
Was the great Business both of Heav'n and Earth.

16.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the Ruby Portals of the *East*:
He saw the Temple Sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Breast:
He saw the falling Idols, all confess
A coming Deity: He saw the Nest
Of pois'nous and unnatural Loves, Earth-nurst;
Toucht with the Worlds true *Amidore* to burst.

17. He

17.

He saw Heav'n Blossome with a new-born Light,
On which, as on a Glorious stranger gaz'd
The Golden Eyes of Night: whose Beam made Bright
The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd
Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went
Westward to find the Worlds true *Orient*.

18.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal Strings,
Eternally bind each rebellious Limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spatious Wings:
Which like two bosom'd Sails embrace the dimme
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong Chain.

19.

While thus Heav'ns highest Counsails, by the low
Foot-steps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled Eyes, Embers that glow
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foul Claws he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
And gave a gastly shreek, whose horrid Yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted Tail he gnaw'd for spight.

20.

Yet on the other ſide fain would he ſtart
Above his Fears, and think it cannot be:
He ſtudies Scripture, ſtrives to ſound the heart,
And feel the Pulſe of every Prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what Art)
The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to ſee
A Mighty Babe, whoſe pure, unſpotted Birth,
From a chaſte Virgin womb ſhould bleſs the Earth.

21.

But theſe vaſt Myſteries his Senſes ſmother,
And Reaſon (for what's Faith to him?) devour,
How ſhe that is a Maid ſhould prove a Mother,
Yet keep inviolate her Virgin Flow'r;
How Gods Eternal Son ſhould be mans Brother,
Poſeth his proudeſt Intellectual Pow'r;
How a pure Spirit ſhould incarnate be,
And Life it ſelf wear Death's frail Livery.

22.

That the Great Angel-blinding Light ſhould ſhrink
His Blaze, to ſhine in a poor Shepheards Eye;
That the unmeaſur'd God ſo low ſhould ſink,
As Priſ'ner in a few poor Rags to lie;
That from his Mothers Breſt he Milk ſhould drink,
Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns fair Family;
That a vile Manger his low Bed ſhould prove,
Who in a Throne of Stars Thunders above;

23. That

23.

That he whom the Sun ſerves ſhould faintly peep
Through Clouds of Infant fleſh: that he the old
Eternal Word ſhould be a Child, and weep:
That he who made the Fire ſhould fear the Cold:
That Heav'ns high Majeſty his Court ſhould keep
In a Clay-cottage, by each Blaſt control'd:
That Glories ſelf ſhould ſerve our Griefs and Fears:
And free Eternity ſubmit to years:

24.

And further, that the Law's Eternal Giver,
Should bleed in his own Law's obedience:
And to the circumciſing Knife deliver
Himſelf, the forfeit of his Slaves offence.
That the unblemiſht Lamb, bleſſed for ever,
Should take the mark of ſin, and pain of Sence:
Theſe are the knotty Riddles, whoſe dark doubt
Intangles his loſt Thoughts, paſt getting out.

25.

While new Thoughts boyl'd in his enraged Breſt,
His gloomy Boſomes darkeſt Character,
Was in his ſhady Forehead ſeen expreſt.
The Forehead's ſhade in Griefs expreſſion there,
Is what in ſign of joy among the bleſt
The Faces lightning, or a ſmile is here.
Thoſe ſtings of care that his ſtrong Heart oppreſt,
A deſperate, *Oh me*, drew from his deep Breſt.

26.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he) *Oh me!* what great
Portents before mine Eyes their Pow'rs advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?
Frown I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay Stars lead on their Golden dance?
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

27.

He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
And radiant Scepter this bold Hand should bear,
And for the never-fading Fields of Light,
My fair Inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark House of shades, Horrour, and Night,
To draw a long-liv'd Death, where all my Cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Tears.

28.

Dark, dusky Man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure Ray:
And should we Pow'rs of Heav'n, Spirits of worth
Bow our bright Heads before a King of Clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clomb the *North*,
Where never wing of *Angel* yet made way
What though I mist my blow? yet I strook high,
And to dare something is some victory.

29. Is

29.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?
Vile Humane Nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despight!) with his Divinest Glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his Brest,
With his fair Triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright Arms of Heav'n rebuk these Eyes?
Mock me, and dazle my dark Mysteries?

30.

Art thou not *Lucifer*? he to whom the droves
Of Stars, that guild the Morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the Lightning-winged Loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what Pomp the Mistress Planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser Seaven;
Such, and so rich, the Flames that from thine Eyes,
Oppress the common-people of the Skies.

31.

Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy Eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort Shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new Miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathize;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32. And

32.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
My self? my Strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, *Heav'n*, *Earth*, what e'r dost bo
A borrowed Being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

33.

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,
His foul Hags rais'd their Heads, and clapt their Han
And all the Powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their Snakes and tost their Flaming Brands.
We (said the horrid Sisters) wait thy Laws,
Th' obsequious Handmaids of thy high Command
Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay,
On us thy dread Commands, ours to obey.

34.

What thy *Alecto*, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty Kingdoms thou art driven:
Let Heav'ns Lord chide above louder then thou
In language of his Thunder, thou art even
With him below: here thou art Lord alone
Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

35.

If usual Wit and Strength will do no good,
Vertues of Stones, nor Herbs: use stronger Charms,
Anger, and Love, best hooks of Humane blood:
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest Arms,
And pouring on Heav'ns Face the Seas huge Flood,
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our Alarms
Ruine, where e'r she sleeps at Natures feet;
And crush the World till his wide corners meet.

36.

Reply'd the proud King, O my Crowns defence?
Stay of whose strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted Stars took faint experience,
When 'gainst the Thunders mouth we marched forth:
Still you are prodigal of your Love's expence
In our great Projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

37.

Fourth of the curs'd knot of Hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hells shop of slaughter she do's oversee,
And still assist the Execution:
But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
Where Hells capacious Cauldron is set on:
And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth o're.

38. Thrice

38.

Thrice howl'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the soun
Thundring upon the Banks of those black Lakes
Rung, through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listning Ears the noise o'rtakes,
She lifts her sooty Lamps, and looking round
A gen'ral hiss from the whole Tire of Snakes
Rebounding, through Hells inmost Caverns came,
In answer to her formidable Name.

39.

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hells Command,
No one so mercileſs as this of hers.
The Adamantine Doors, for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to Pray'rs and Tears,
The Walls inexorable Steel, no hand
Of *Time* or Teeth of hungry *Ruine* fears.
Their ugly Ornaments are the bloody stains,
Of ragged Limbs, torn Sculls, and dasht out Brains.

40.

There has the Purple *Vengeance* a proud seat,
Whose ever-brandisht Sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her *Hate*, *Wrath*, *Warre*, and *Slaughter* swea
Bathing their hot Limbs in Life's precious Flood.
There rude impetuous Rage do's storm, and fret:
And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge Sith, stands impartial *Death*,
With endless business almost out of Breath.

41. Fo

41.

For Hangings and for Curtains, all along
The Walls, (abominable Ornaments!)
Are Tools of Wrath, Anvils of Torments hung;
Fell Executioners of foul intents,
Nails, Hammers, Hatchets sharp, and Hakers strong,
Swords, Spears, with all the fatal instruments
Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of Brothers mutual Blood, and Fathers Brains.

42.

The Tables furnisht with a curſed Feaſt,
Which *Harpyes* with lean *Famine* feed upon,
Uufill'd for ever. Here among the reſt,
Inhumane *Eriſichthon* too makes one;
Tantalus, *Atreus*, *Progne*, here are Gueſts:
Wolviſh *Lycaon* here a place hath won.
The Cup they drink in is *Meduſa*'s Scull, {full.
Which mixt with Gall and Blood they quaff brim

43.

The foul Queen's moſt abhorred Maids of Honour,
Medea, *Jezabel*, many a meagre Witch
With *Circe*, *Scylla*, ſtand to wait upon her;
But her beſt Huſwives are the *Parcæ*, which
Still work for her, and have their Wages from her;
They prick a bleeding Heart at every ſtitch.
Her cruel Clothes of coſtly Threds they Weave,
Which ſhort-cut Lives of murdered infants Leave.

44. The

44.

The House is hers'd about with a black Wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed Tree:
Each Flower's a Pregnant poyson, try'd and good;
Each Herb a Plague: The Winds sighs timed be
By a black Fount, which weeps into a Flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, *Cyclopses*, with a dark drove
Of *Dragons*, *Hydraes*, *Sphinxes*, fill the Grove.

45.

Here *Diomed*'s Horses, *Phereus* Dogs appear,
With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*;
Busiris ha's his bloody Altar here,
Here *Sylla* his severest prison has;
The *Lestrigonians* here their Table rear;
Here strong *Procrustes* plants his Bed of Brass;
Here cruel *Scyron* boasts his bloody Rocks,
And hateful *Schinis* his so feared Oaks.

46.

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantastick frames
Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew;
Phalaris, *Ochus*, *Ezelinus*, names
Mighty in Mischief, with dread *Nero* too,
Here are they all, here all the Swords or Flames
Assyrian Tyrants, or *Egyptian* knew.
Such was the House, so furnisht was the Hall,
Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer'd *Pluto*'s call.

47. Scarce

47.

Scarce to this Monſter could the ſhady King,
The horrid ſumme of his intentions tell;
But ſhe (ſwift as the momentary wing
Of Lightning, or the words he ſpoke) left Hell:
She roſe, and with her to our World did bring,
Pale proof of her fell preſence, th' Air too well
With a chang'd Countenance witneſs'd the Fight
And poor Fowls intercepted in their Flight.

48.

Heav'n ſaw her riſe, and ſaw Hell in the ſight,
The Fields fair Eyes ſaw her, and ſaw no more
But ſhut their flowry Lids for ever Night,
And Winter ſtrow her way; yea, ſuch a ſore
Is ſhe to Nature, that a general fright,
An univerſal Palſie ſpreading o're
The face of things, from her dire Eyes had run,
Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun.

49.

Now had the Nights Companion from her Den,
Where all the buſie day ſhe cloſe doth lye,
With her ſoft wing, wip't from the brows of men
Day's ſweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,
And ſweet oppreſſion, kindly cheating them
Of all their Cares, tam'd the rebellious Eye
Of ſorrow, with a ſoft and Downy hand,
Sealing all Breſts in a *Lethean* band.

50.

When the *Furies* her black Pinions spread,
And came to *Bethlem* where the cruel King
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
His Breast a while from care's unquiet sting.
Such as at *Thebes* dire Feast she shew'd her head,
Her Sulphur-breathed Torches brandishing,
Such to the frighted Palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent Rooms.

51.

By *Herod* ——————now was born
The Scepter, which of old great *David* swaid.
Whose Right by *David's* linage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made:
And from the head of *Judahs* house quite torn
The Crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoak, under which they sigh'd in vain,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

52.

Up through the spacious Palace passed she,
To where the Kings proudly-reposed head
(If any can be soft to *Tyranny*
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread:
To change her face's stile she doth devise,
And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his Eyes.

53.

Her ſelf a while ſhe lays aſide, and makes
Ready to perſonate a mortal part.
Joſeph the King's dead Brother's ſhape ſhe takes,
What he by Nature was, is ſhe by Art.
She comes to th' King, and with her cold hand ſlakes
His Spirits, the ſparks of Life, and chills his Heart,
Lifes forge; fain'd is her voice, and falſe too be
Her words, *Sleep'ſt thou fond man?* Sleep'ſt thou? ſaid (ſhe.

54.

So ſleeps a Pilot whoſe poor Bark is preſt
With many a mercyleſs o'r-maſtring Wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful Winds conteſt,
Which of them deep'ſt ſhall dig her watry Grave.
Why doſt thou let thy brave ſoul lie ſuppreſt
In Death-like ſlumbers, while thy dangers crave
A waking Eye and Hand? look up and ſee
The Fates ripe, in their great Conſpiracy.

55.

Know'ſt thou not how of th' *Hebrew's* Royal ſtemme
(That old dry ſtock) a deſpair'd Branch is ſprung
A moſt ſtrange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected Stable lies, among
Beaſts and baſe Straw: already is the ſtream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful Rebels this their young
Maſter (with voice free as the Trump of *Fame*)
Their new King, and thy Succeſſor proclaim.

56.

What buſie Motions, what wild Engines ſtand
On tiptoe in their giddy Brains? th' have fire
Already in their Boſomes; and their hand
Already reaches at a ſword: they hire
Poyſons to ſpeed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveal what they conſpire?
Go now, make much of theſe; wage ſtill their wars,
And bring home on thy Breſt more thankleſs ſcars.

57.

Why did I ſpend my Life, and ſpill my Blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might ſuſtain
A well-pois'd Scepter? does it now ſeem good
Thy Brothers blood be-ſpilt life ſpent in vain?
'Gainſt thy own Sons and Brothers thou haſt ſtood
In Arms, when leſſer cauſe was to complain:
And now croſs Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'ſt thou be careleſs now, now can'ſt thou ſleep?

58.

Where art thou Man? what cowardly miſtake
Of thy great ſelf, hath ſtoln King *Herod* from thee?
O call thy ſelf home to thy ſelf, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging ſword Heav'n throws upon thee:
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouſe thee, and ſhake
Thy ſelf into a ſhape that may become thee.
Be *Herod*, and thou ſhalt not miſs from me
Immortall ſtings to thy great Thoughts, and thee.

59.

So ſaid, her richeſt Snake, which to her Wriſt
For a beſeeming Bracelet ſhe had ty'd
(A ſpecial Worm it was as ever kiſt
The foamy Lips of *Cerberus*) ſhe apply'd
To the Kings Heart, the Snake no ſooner hiſt,
But Vertue beard it, and away ſhe hy'd,
Dire Flames diffuſe themſelves through every vein,
This done, home to her Hell ſhe hy'd amain.

60.

He wakes, and with him (ne'r to ſleep) new fears:
His Sweat-bedewed Bed had now betrai'd him,
To a vaſt field of Thorns, ten thouſand Spears
All pointed in his Heart ſeem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing Characters
With which his feeling Dream had thus diſmai'd him,
He his own fancy-framed Foes defies:
In Rage, *My Arms, give me my Arms*, he crys.

61.

As when a Pile of Food-preparing fire,
The Breath of artificial Lungs embraves,
The Caldron-priſon'd waters ſtreight conſpire,
And beat the hot Braſs with rebellious waves?
He murmures and rebukes their bold deſire;
Th' impatient Liquor, frets, and foams, and raves;
Till his o'rflowing pride ſuppreſs the Flame,
Whence all his high ſpirits, and hot courage came.

62.

So boils the fired *Herod's* blood-swoln Breſt,
Not to be ſlak'd but by a Sea of Blood.
His faithleſs Crown he feels looſe on his Creſt,
Which on falſe Tyrants Head ne'r firmly ſtood.
The Worm of jealous Envy and unreſt,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing Food
Makes him impatient of the lingring Light,
Hate the ſweet peace of all-compoſing Night.

63.

A Thouſand Prophecies that talk ſtrange things,
Had ſown of old theſe doubts in his deep Breſt;
And now of late came Tributary Kings,
Bringing him nothing but new Fears from th' *Eaſt*,
More deep ſuſpicions, and more deadly ſtings.
With which his Feav'rous Cares their cold increaſt
And now his dream (hells firebrand) ſtill more bright,
Shew'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the ſight.

64.

No ſooner therefore ſhall the morning ſee
(Night hangs yet heavy on the Lids of day)
But all his Counſellours muſt ſummon'd be,
To meet their troubled Lord: without delay
Heralds and Meſſengers immediately
Are ſent about, who poaſting every way
To th'Heads and Officers of every Band;
Declare who ſends, and what is his Command.

65. Why

65.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
Thy Bloo'd-revolving Breast to Rage doth move?
Heav'ns King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
Comes not to rule in Wrath, but serve in Love:
Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Tear,
But give thee a better with himself above.
Poor jealousie! why should he wish to prey
Upon thy Crown, who gives his own away.

66.

Make to thy reason Man; and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy Fears their Causes are;
Thou art a Soldier *Herod*, send thy Scouts
See how he's furnish't for so fear'd a War:
What Armour does he wear? a few thin Clouts,
His Trumpets? tender cry's: his men to dare
So much? rude Shepheards. What his Steeds? alas
Poor Beasts! a slow Oxe, and a simple Asse.

Il fine del Libro prima.

On a Prayer Book sent to Mrs. M. R.

LO here a little Volume, but great Book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no Hypocrit)
Much larger in it self, then in its look.

It is in one rich Handful, Heaven and all
Heavens Royal Hosts incampt, thus small;
To prove that true Schools use to tell,
A thousand Angels in one point can dwell.

It is Loves great Artillery,
Which here contracts it self and comes to lye
Close coucht in your white Bosome, and from thence
As from a snowy Forrest of defence
Against the ghostly Foe to take your part:
And fortify the Hold of your chaste heart.

It is the Armory of Light,
Let constant Use but keep it bright,
You'l find it yields
To Holy Hands and Humble Hearts,
More Swords and Shields
Then Sin hath Snares, or Hell hath Darts.

Only be sure,
The Hands be pure,
That hold these Weapons and the Eyes
Those of Turtles, Chaste, and True,
Wakeful, and Wise.
Here is a Friend shall fight for you,

Hold

Hold but this Book before your Heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.

But O', the Heart
That ſtudies this high Art,
Muſt be a ſure Houſe-keeper,
And yet no ſleeper.

Dear Soul be ſtrong,
Mercy will come e'r long,
And bring her Boſome full of Bleſſings,
Flowers of never fading Graces;
To make immortal dreſſings
For worthy Souls whoſe wife embraces
Store up themſelves for him, who is alone
The ſpouſe of Virgins, and the Virgins Son.

But if the Noble Bridegroom when he comes
Shall find the wandring heart from home,
Leaving her Chaſte abode,
To gad abroad:
Amongſt the gay Mates of the god of Flies
To take her pleaſures, and to play
And keep the Devils Holy day;
To dance in the Sun-ſhine of ſome ſmiling
but beguiling.

Spear of Sweet and Sugered Lies,
Some ſlipery pair,
Of Falſe perhaps as Fair
Flattering but forſwearing Eyes.

Doubtleſs ſome other Heart
Will get the ſtart,

And

And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the Sacred store
Of hidden Sweets, and holy Joyes,
Words which are not heard with Ears,
(These tumultous shops of noise)
Effectual whispers whose still voice,
The Soul it self more feels then hears.

Amorous Languishments, Luminous Trances,
Sights which are not seen with Eyes,
Spiritual and Soul piercing Glances:
Whose Pure and Subtle Lightning, flies
Home to the Heart and sets the House on fire;
And melts it down in sweet desire;
Yet doth not stay
To ask the Windows leave, to pass that way.

Delicious Deaths, soft Exhalations
Of Soul; Dear, and Divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown Rites
Of Joys, and rarified Delights.

An hundred thousand Loves and Graces,
And many a mistick thing,
Which the Divine embraces
Of the dear spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame,
That dull Mortality must not know a Name.

Of all this hidden store
Of Blessings, and ten thousand more;
If when he come
He find the Heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload

Him

Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious Sweets,
On the fair Soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O happy and thrice happy she
Dear Silver-brested Dove
Who ere she be,
Whose early Love
With winged Vowes,
Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse:
And close with his immortal kisses,
Happy Soul who never misses,
To improve that precious hour:
And every day,
Seize her sweet Prey;
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a Balmy showr
A delicious dew of Spices.

O let that happy Soul hold fast
Her Heavenly Armful, she shall taste
At once ten thousand Paradises,
She shall have power,
To Rifle and Deflower
The rich and roseal Spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling Bosome there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless Treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures,
Happy soul she shall discover,
What joy, what bliss,
How many Heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her Lover.

On Mr. G. Herbert's *Book, entituled,* The Temple of Sacred Poems, *sent to a Gentlewoman.*

KNow you Fair, on what you look?
Divineſt Love lies in this Book:
Expecting Fire from your Eyes,
To kindle this his Sacrifice.
When your Hands unty theſe ſtrings,
Think you 've an Angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy Air,
Of your well perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white Plumes of his Hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend you:
To take acquaintance of the Sphear,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herbert's* Name do owe
Theſe Devotions, faireſt, know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint TERESA, *Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both Men and Women; a Woman for Angelical heighth of speculation, for Masculine courage of performance, more then a Woman; who yet a Child, out ran Maturity, and durst plot a Martyrdom.*

LOve thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of Life and Death—— To prove the Word,
We need to go to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall
In pipe and full grown, that could reach down,
With strong Arms their Triumphant Crown:
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speak loud unto the face of Death
Their great Lords glorious Name, to none
Of those whose large Brests built a Throne
For Love their Lord, glorious and great,
We'll see him take a private seat,
And make his Mansion in the milde
And milky Soul of a soft Child.

Scarce had she learnt to Lisp a name
Of Martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that Breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a Death.

She never undertook to know,
What Death with Love should have to doe.

Nor

Nor hath she e'r yet understood,
Why to show Love she should shed Blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can Love and she can Dye.
Scarce had she Blood enough, to make
A guilty Sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove,
How much less strong is Death then Love.

Be love but there, let poor six years,
Be pos'd with the matureſt Fears
Man trembles at, we straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the Mind.
'Tis Love, not Years, or Limbs, that can
Make the Martyr or the Man.
Love toucht her Heart, and Ioe it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats:
Such thirst to die, as dare drink up
A thousand cold Deaths in one Cup:
Good reason, for she breaths all fire,
Her weak Breſt heaves with strong desire,
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for, amongst her Mothers Kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel to a Martyrdome.
No home for her confesses she,
But where she may a Martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and Trade with them,
For this unvalued Diadem;
She offers them her deareſt Breath,
With Christs name in't in change for Death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live

In him, or if they this denie,
For him, she'l teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown,
Her Lords Blood, or at least her own.

Farewel then all the World, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewel all pleasures, sports, and joyes,
Never till now esteemed toyes:
Farewell, whatever dear may be,
Mothers Arms, or Fathers Knee:
Farewel House, and Farewel Home
She's for the Moors and Martyrdome.

Sweet not so fast, Loe thy fair Spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T'embrace a milder Martyrdome.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife.
Or some base hand have power to raise,
Thy Breasts chaste Cabinet; and uncase
A Soul kept there so sweet; O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so:
Thou art Love's victim, and must dye
A death more mystical and high:
Into Loves hand thou shalt let fall,
A still surviving Funeral.

He is the Dart must make the death,
Whose stroke wall taste thy hallowed Breath;
A Dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy Spouses radiant name:

Upon

Upon the roof of Heaven where ay
It ſhines, and with a Soveraign ray,
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of ſouls, which in that names ſweet graces,

Find everlaſting ſmiles: ſo Rare,
So Spiritual, Pure and Fair,
Muſt be the immortal inſtrument,
Upon whoſe choice point ſhall be ſpent,
A life ſo lov'd, and that there be
Fit Executioners for thee.
The faireſt, and the firſt-born Loves of fire,
Bleſt Seraphims ſhall leave their Quire,
And turn Loves ſoldiers upon thee,
To exerciſe their Archery.

O how oft ſhalt thou complain
Of a ſweet and ſubtile pain?
Of intollerable joyes?
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever ſo be ſlain!
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he ſtill may dye.

How kindly will thy gentle Heart,
Kiſſe the ſweetly——killing Dart:
And cloſe in his Embraces keep,
Thoſe delicious wounds that weep
Balſome, to heal themſelves with thus;
When theſe thy Deaths ſo numerous,
Shall all at once dye into one,
And melt thy ſouls ſweet Manſion:

Like

Like a ſoft Lump of Incenſe, haſted
By too hot a fire, and waſted,
Into perfuming Clouds, So faſt
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at laſt,
In a diſſolving ſigh, and then
O what! ask not the Tongues of men;

Angels cannot tell, ſuffice,
Thy ſelf ſhalt feel thine own full joyes,
And hold them faſt for ever there,
So ſoon as thou ſhalt firſt appear
The Moon of Maiden Stars; thy white
Miſtreſs attended by ſuch bright
Souls as thy ſhining ſelf ſhall come,
And in her firſt ranks make thee room.
Where 'mongſt her ſnowy Family,
Immortal welcomes wait on thee.
O what delight when ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And teach thy Lips Heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'ſt to thy wiſhes,
Heap up thy conſecrated Kiſſes.
What joy ſhall ſeize thy Soul when ſhe
Bending her Bleſſed Eyes on thee
Thoſe ſecond ſmiles of Heaven ſhall dart
Her mild Rays, through thy melting heart:

Angels thy old friends there ſhall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good Works which went before
And waited for thee at the Door
Shall own thee there: and all in one
Weave a Conſtellation
Of Crowns, with which the King thy ſpouſe
Shall build up thy triumphant Brows.

All thy old Woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains set bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be Divine.
Tears shall take Comfort, and turn Gems,
And wrongs repent to Diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul, which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarrs,
As keep account of the Lambs wars.

Those rare Works, where thou shalt leave Writ,
Loves Noble History, with Wit
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our souls, shall cloath thine there.
Each Heavenly Word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy Brows; and be
Both Fire to us, and Flame to thee:
Whose Light shall live bright, in thy face
By Glory, in our Hearts by Grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd Souls, throng to be
Themselves thy Crown, Sons of thy Vows:
The Virgin Births with which thy Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul; Go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To him, put on (he'l say) put on
My Rosy Love, that thy rich Zone,
Sparkling with the sacred Flames,
Of thousand souls whose happy names,
Heaven keeps upon thy score, thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the Light.

That kindled them to ſtarrs, and ſo
Thou with the Lamb thy Lord ſhall't goe.
And where ſo e'r he ſits, his white
Steps walk with him thoſe ways of Light.
Which who in death would live to ſee,
Muſt learn in life to dye like thee.

An Apology for the precedent Hymn, as having been writ when the Author was yet a Proteſtant.

THus have I back again to thy bright name,
Fair ſea of Holy fires, transfus'd the Flame
took from reading thee, 'tis to thy wrong
know that in my weak and worthleſs ſong
Thou here art ſet to ſhine, where thy full day
arce dawns, O pardon, if I dare to ſay
hine own dear Books are guilty, for from thence
Learnt to know that Love is Eloquence:
hat Heavenly Maxim gave me heart to try
what to other Tongues is Tun'd ſo high
hy praiſe might not ſpeak *Engliſh* too, forbid
By all thy Myſteries that there lye hid;)
orbid it Mighty Love, let no fond hate
f Names and Words ſo far prejudicate;
ouls are not *Spaniards* too, one friendly Flood
f Baptiſme, blends them all into one Blood.
hriſts Faith makes but one body of all ſouls,
nd loves that Bodies Soul; no Law controuls
ur free Trafick, for Heaven we may maintain
eace ſure with Piety, though it dwell in *Spain*.
Vhat Soul ſoever in any Language can
peak Heav'n like hers, is my Souls country-man.

O 'Tis not Spaniſh, but 'tis Heaven ſhe ſpeaks,
'Tis Heaven that lies in Ambuſh there, and breaks
From thence into the wondring Readers Breſt,
Who finds his warm heart hatch into a neſt
Of little Eagles and young Loves, whoſe high
Flights ſcorn the Lazie Duſt, and things that dye.
There are enow whoſe Draughts as deep as Hell
Drink up all *Spain* in Sack, let my Soul ſwell
With thee ſtrong Wine of Love, let others ſwim
In puddles, we will pledge this Seraphim
Bowls full of richer Blood then bluſh of Grape
Was ever guilty of, change we our ſhape,
My ſoul, ſome drink from Men to Beaſts; O then,
Drink we till we prove more, not leſs then Men:
And turn not Beaſts, but Angels. Let the King,
Me ever into theſe his Cellars bring;
Where flows ſuch Wine as we can have of none
But him who trode the Wine-preſs all alone:
Wine of Youths life, and the ſweet deaths of Love,
Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
Its Tincture from the Roſie Nectar, Wine
That can exalt weak Earth, and ſo refine
Our Duſt, that in one Draught, Mortality
May drink it ſelf up, and forget to dye.

On a Treatiſe of Charity.

RIſe then, immortal Maid! *Religion* riſe!
Put on thy ſelf in thine own looks: t' our Eyes
Be what thy Beauties, not our blots, have made thee,
Such as (e'r our dark ſins to Duſt betray'd thee)
Heav'n ſet thee down new dreſt; when thy bright Birth
Shot thee like Lightning to th' aſtoniſht Earth.

Fro

From th' dawn of thy fair Eye-lids wipe away
Dull Miſts and melancholly Clouds: take day
And thine own Beams about thee: bring the beſt
Of whatſoe'r perfum'd thy *Eaſtern Neſt.*
Girt all thy Glories to thee: then ſit down,
Open this Book, fair Queen, *and take thy Crown.*
Theſe learned Leaves ſhall vindicate to thee
Thy Holieſt, Humbleſt, Handmaid, Charity;
She'l dreſs thee like thy ſelf, ſet thee on high
Where thou ſhalt reach all hearts, command each Eye.
Lo where I ſee thy offrings wake, and riſe
From the pale Duſt of that ſtrange Sacrifice
which they themſelves were; each one putting on
A Majeſty that may beſeem thy Throne.
The Holy Youth of Heav'n whoſe Golden Rings
Girt round thy awful Altars with bright wings
Fanning thy fair Locks (which the World believes
As much as ſees) ſhall with theſe ſacred Leaves
Trick their tall Plumes, and in that garb ſhall go
If not more glorious, more conſpicuous tho.
——Be it enacted then
By the fair Laws of thy firm-pointed Pen,
Gods ſervices no longer ſhall put on
A ſtuttiſhneſs, for *pure Religion*:
No longer ſhall our Churches frighted ſtones
Lie ſcatter'd like the Burnt and Martyr'd bones
Of dead Devotion; nor faint Marbles weep
In their ſad Ruines; nor Religion keep
A melancholly Manſion in thoſe cold
Urns; Like Gods Sanctuaries they lookt of old;
Now ſeem they Temples conſecrate to *none*,
Or to a *new* God *Deſolation.*
No more the Hypocrite ſhall th' *upright* be
Becauſe he's ſtiff, and will confeſs no Knee:

While others bend their Knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainful Dust and Ashes) bend thy Brow;
Nor on Gods Altar cast *two scorching Eyes*
Bak't in hot scorn, for *a burnt Sacrifice*:
But (for a *Lamb*) thy tame and tender *Heart*
New struck by Love, still trembling on his Dart;
Or (for two *Turtle Doves*) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble *Eyes*
This shall from henceforth be the Masculine Theme
Pulpits and Pens shall sweat in; to redeem
Vertue to Action, that Life-feeding flame
That keeps Religion warm: not swell *a name*
Of faith, *a Mountain word*, made up of Air,
With those dear spoils that wont to dress the Fair
And fruitful Charities full Breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the Poor hope from us? when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to *Charity*.

On the Glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

HArk she is call'd, the parting hour is come,
take thy farwel poor world, heaven must go hom
A piece of Heavenly Light purer and brighter (he
Then the chast stars whose choice Lamps come to ligh
While through the Christal Orbs clearer then they
She climbs and makes a far more Milky way;
She's call'd again, hark how th' immortal Dove
Sighs to his Silver Mate: rise up my Love,
Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
The Winter's past, the Rain is gone:

Th

The Spring is come, the Flowers appear,
No Sweets, since thou art wanting here.

Come away my Love,
Come away my Dove,
cast off delay:
The Court of Heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home;
Come away, come away.

She's cal'd again, and will she goe;
When Heaven bids come, who can say no?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.
Goe then, goe (Glorious) on the Golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heav'n, that sings
Under so sweet a burden: go,
Since thy great Son will have it so:
And while thou go'st, our song and we,
Will as we may reach after thee.
Hail Holy Queen of humble Hearts,
We in thy praise will have our parts;
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest Heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those Divinest Eyes, which we
And our dark World no more shall see.
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our Lips never let go
Thy Gracious Name, but to the last,
Our loving Song shall hold it fast.

Thy sacred Name shall be
Thy self to us, and we

With Holy cares will keep it by us,
We to the last
Will hold it fast,
And no Assumption shall deny us.
All the sweetest Showers,
Of our fairest Flowers
Will we strow upon it:
Though our sweetness cannot make
It sweeter, they may take
Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, Men and Angels sing,
Maria Mother of our King.
Live rarest Princess, and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable Light
Embrace thy radiant Brows, O may the best
Of everlasting joys bath thy white Brest.
Live our chaste Love, the Holy Mirth
Of Heaven, and Humble Pride of Earth:
Live Crown of Women, Queen of Men:
Live Mistress of our Song, and when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet Angels come, and sing the rest.

An Hymn on the Circumcision of our Lord.

RIse thou best and brightest morning,
Rosie with a double Red;
With thine own Blush thy Cheeks adorning,
And the dear Drops this day were shed,

All the Purple pride of Laces,
The crimson Curtains of thy Bed,
Guild thee not with so sweet Graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a Red.

Of all the fair Cheekt-Flowers that fill thee,
None so fair thy Bosom strows,
As this modest Maiden Lilly
Our Sins have sham'd into a Rose.

Bid the Golden God the Sun,
Burnisht in his Glorious Beams
Put all his Red eyed Rubies on,
These Rubies shall put out his eyes.

Let him make poor the Purple *East*,
Rob the rich Store her Cabinets keep,
The pure birth of each sparkling nest
That flaming in their fair Bed sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright Tresses
With a new morning made of Gems;
And wear in them his wealthy dresses,
Another day of Diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself Rich in his rise,
All will be darkness, to the day
That breaks from one of these fair eyes.

And soon the sweet Truth shall appear,
Dear Babe e'r many days be done:
The Moon shall come to meet thee here,
And leave the long adored Sun.

Thy Nobler Beauty shall bereave him,
Of all his Eastern Paramours:
His Persian Lovers all shall leave him,
And swear Faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the Sun,
But in thy fairest Eyes find two for one.

On Hope.

By way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley *and* R. Crashaw.

Cowley.

HOpe, whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss,
Whom Ill and Good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound,
Vain shadow! that doth vanish quite
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night.
The Fates have not a possibility
Of Blessing thee.
If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Crashaw.

Dear Hope! Earth's Dowry, and Heaven's Debt,
The Entity of things that are not yet.
Subt'lest, but surest Being! Thou by whom
Our Nothing hath a Definition.

Fai

Fair cloud of Fire, both Shade and Light,
Our Life in Death, our Day in Night.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thinn Dilemma with blunt Horn
Shrinks, like the sick Moon at the wholsome morn.

Cowley.

Hope, thou bold taster of Delight,
Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an Estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with Legacies before.
The joys which we intire should wed,
Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed:
Good Fortunes without Gain imported be,
So mighty Customes paid to thee.
For Joy, like Wine kept close, doth better taste:
If it take Air before its spirits waste.

Crashaw.

Thou art Loves Legacy under Lock
Of Faith: the Steward of our growing stock.
Our Crown-Lands lie above, yet each Meal brings
A seemly Portion for the Sons of Kings.
Nor will the Virgin-joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our Bed,
Because that from the Bridal Cheek of Bliss,
Thou thus steal'st down a distant Kiss;
Hopes chaste Kiss wrongs no more joys Maidenhead,
Then Spousal Rites prejudge the Marriage-bed.

Cowley.

Cowley.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lottery,
Where for one Prize an hundred Blanks there be.
Fond Archer Hope, who tak'ſt thine aim ſo farre,
That ſtill, or ſhort or wide, thine Arrows are.
Thine empty Cloud the Eye it ſelf deceives
With ſhapes that our own Fancy gives:
A Cloud, which Gilt and Painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in Tears.
When thy falſe Beams o'r Reaſons light prevail,
By *ignes fatui* not *North* Stars we ſail.

Crashaw.

Fair *Hope*! our earlier Heaven by thee
Young *Time* is taſter to Eternity.
The generous Wine with Age grows ſtrong, not ſower,
Nor need we kill thy Fruit to ſmell thy Flower.
Thy Golden Head never hangs down,
Till in the Lap of Loves full noon
It falls and dyes: oh no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of Sugar loſe themſelves, and twine
Their ſubtle Eſſence with the ſoul of Wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad,
The merrier fool o'th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance! Shield of fond deſire,
That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire,

Still

Still leading them insensibly on,
With the strange Witchcraft of *Anon*:
By thee the one doth changing Nature through
Her endless Labyrinths pursue,
And th' other chases woman, while she goes
More ways, and turns, then hunted Nature knows.

Crashaw.

Fortune alas above the Worlds Law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd Heads of conspiring Stars.
Her Keel cuts not the Waves, where our winds stirre,
And *Fate's* whole Lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly farre above,
And forrage in the Fields of Light, and Love.
Sweet *Hope!* kind Cheat! fair Fallacy! by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Crashaw:

Faith's Sister! Nurse of fair desire!
Fears Antidote! a wise, and well stay'd fire
Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:
Queen Regent in young Loves Minority.
Though the vext Chymick vainly chases
His fugitve Gold through all her faces,
And loves more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
One Face more fugitive then all they,
True *Hope's* a glorious Huntress, and her chase
The God of Nature in the Field of Grace.

THE

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

OR,

Other Poems written on ſeveral occaſions.

By RICHARD CRASHAVV.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agat.*

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Musick's Duel.

NOw *Westward Sol* had spent the richest Beams
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber*, on the Scene of a green Plat,
Under protection of an Oak; there sate
A sweet Lutes-Master; in whose gentle Airs
He lost the Days heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the Leaves there stood
A Nightingale come from the Neighbouring Wood:
(The sweet Inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse, their *Syren*, harmless *Syren* she)
There stood she listning and did entertain
The Musick's soft report: and mold the same
In her own Murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:

The man perceiv'd his Rival, and her Art,
Diſpos'd to give the Light-foot Lady ſport
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainſt the Fight to come
Informs it, in a ſweet *Præludium*
Of cloſer ſtrains, and e'r the War begin,
He lightly skirmiſhes on every ſtring
Charg'd with a flying touch; and ſtreight way ſhe
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thouſand ſweet diſtinguiſh'd tones,
And reckons up in ſoft diviſions
Quick Volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
By that ſhrill Taſte, ſhe could do ſomething too.
His nimble hands inſtinct then taught each ſtring
A cap'ring chearfulneſs; and made them ſing
To their own dance; now negligently raſh
He throws his Arm and with a long drawn daſh
Blends all together, then diſtinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And ſnatches this again, and pauſes there.
She meaſures every Meaſure, every where
Meets Art with Art; ſometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain Ditty in one long ſpun Note,
Through the fleck paſſage of her open Throat:
A clear unwrinkled ſong, then doth ſhe point it
With tender Accents, and ſeverely joynt it
By ſhort dimunitives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly ſhar'd,
With her ſweet ſelf ſhe wrangles; he amaz'd
That from ſo ſmall a Channel ſhould be rais'd
The Torrent of a voice, whoſe melody
Could melt into ſuch ſweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare Art
The ſtarling ſtrings (each breathing in his part)

Moſt

Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling Base
In surly Groans disdains the Trebles Grace;
The high-perch't Treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his Finger (Moderatour) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the Trumpets call
Hot *Mars* to th' Harvest of Deaths Field, and woo
Mens hearts into their hands; this Lesson too
She gives him back, her supple Brest thrills out
Sharp Airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'r her skill,
And folds in wav'd Notes with a trembling Bill,
The plyant Series of her slippery Song;
Then starts she suddenly into a Throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundring Volleys float,
And roul themselves over her Lubrick Throat
In panting Murmurs, still'd out of her Breast
That ever-bubling Spring, the sugred Nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lye
Bathing in streams of liquid Melodie;
Musicks best Seed-plot; when in ripen'd Airs
A Golden-headed Harvest fairly rears
His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her Breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soyl it seems a Holy Quire
Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo*'s Lyre;
Whose Silver-roof rings with the sprightly Notes
Of sweet-Lip'd Angel-Imps, that swill their Throats
In Cream of morning *Helicon*, and then
Prefer soft Anthems to the Ears of Men,
To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
That Men can sleep while they their Mattens sing:
(Most Divine Service) whose so early lay
Prevents the Eye-lids of the blushing day.

There might you hear her kindle her ſoft voice,
In the cloſe murmur of a ſparkling noiſe;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful ſong,
Still keeping in the forward Stream, ſo long
Till a ſweet whirlwind (ſtriving to get out)
Heaves her ſoft Boſome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breſt,
Till the fledg'd Notes at length forſake their Neſt;
Fluttering in wanton ſhoals, and to the Sky
Wing'd with their own wild Eccho's prattling fly.
She opes the Floodgate, and lets looſe a Tide
Of ſtreaming Sweetneſs which in State doth ride
On the wav'd back of every ſwelling ſtrain,
Riſing and falling in a pompous Train;
And while ſhe thus diſcharges a ſhrill Peal
Of ſtriſhing Airs; ſhe qualifies their Zeal
With the cool Epode of a graver Noat
Thus high, thus low, as if her Silver Throat
Would reach the Brazen voice of Wars hoarſe Bird;
Her little ſoul is raviſht: and ſo pour'd
Into looſe extaſies, that ſhe is plac't
Above her ſelf, Muſicks *Enthuſiaſt*.
Shame now and Anger mixt a double ſtain
In the Muſitians face; yet once again
(Miſtreſs) I come; now reach a ſtrain my Lute
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or Tune a Song of victory to me,
Or ſo thy ſelf ſing thine own Obſequie;
So ſaid, his hands ſprightly as Fire he flings,
And with a quivering coyneſs taſts the ſtrings:
The ſweet-Lip'd Siſters Muſically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when *Apollo*'s Golden Hairs
Are fan'd and frizl'd in the wanton Airs

Of his own Breath, which married to his lyre (higher;
Doth Tune the *Spheares* and make Heavens ſelf look
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Muſicks pulſe in all her Arteries,
Caught in a Net which there *Apollo* ſpreads,
His Fingers ſtruggle with the vocal Threads,
Following thoſe little Rills, he ſinks into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his Hand does go
Thoſe parts of ſweetneſs which with *Nectar* d op,
Softer then that which pants in *Hebe*'s Cup:
The humourous ſtrings expound his Learned touch
By various Gloſſes; now they ſeem to grutch,
And murmure in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In ſhrill-tongu'd Accents, ſtriving to be ſingle;
Every ſmooth turn, every delicious ſtroke
Gives life to ſome new Grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetneſs by all her Names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a Fury ſo harmonious)
The Lutes light *Genius* now does proudly riſe,
Heav'd on the ſurges of ſwoln Rapſodies,
Whoſe flouriſh (Meteor-like) doth curle the Air
With flaſh of high-born Fancies here and there
Dancing in lofty meaſures, and anon
Creeps on the ſoft touch of a tender tone,
Whoſe trembling Murmurs melting in wilde Airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his ſweet Cares;
Becauſe thoſe precious myſteries that dwell
In Muſick's raviſh't ſoul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the World: thus do they vary,
Each ſtring his Note, as if they meant to curry
Favour with their Maſters bleſt ſoul, (ſnatcht out at his Ears
By a ſtrong Extaſy) through all the Spheares
Of Muſicks Heaven; and ſeat it there on high
In th' *Empyreum* of pure Harmony.

At length (after ſo long, ſo loud a ſtriſe
Of all the ſtrings, ſtill breathing the beſt life
Of bleſt variety attending on
His Fingers faireſt Revolution,
In many a ſweet Riſe, many as ſweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd *Diapaſon* ſwallows all.

This done, he liſts what ſhe would ſay to this,
And ſhe, although her Breath's late exerciſe
Had dealt too roughly with her tender Throat,
Yet ſummons all her ſweet powers for a Note;
Alas! in vain! for while (ſweet ſoul) ſhe tries
To meaſure all thoſe wild diverſities,
Of chatt'ring ſtrings, by the ſmall ſize of one
Poor ſimple voice, rais'd in a Natural Tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
Falling upon his Lute; O fit to have
(That liv'd ſo ſweetly) dead, ſo ſweet a Grave!

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAithleſs and fond Mortality,
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithleſs thing! that thus,
In our beſt hopes beguileſt us.
What a reckoning haſt thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For Life by Volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to ſpeak him dead.
For the Laurel in his Verſe,
The ſullen Cypreſſe o'r his Herſe.

For a ſilver-crowned Head,
A durty Pillow in Death's Bed.
For ſo dear, ſo deep a Truſt,
Sad requital, thus much Duſt!
Now though the blow that ſnatcht him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though ſhe be dumb e'r ſince his Death,
Not us'd to ſpeak but in his Breath;
Yet if at leaſt ſhe not denies,
The ſad Language of our Eyes,
We are contented: for then this
Language none more fluent is.
Nothing ſpeaks our Grief ſo well
As to ſpeak nothing: Come then tell
Thy mind in Tears who e'r thou be,
That ow'ſt a Name to Miſery:
Eyes are Vocal, Tears have Tongues,
And there be words not made with Lungs;
Sententious ſhowers, O let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetorical.
Here's a Theme will drink th' expence
Of all thy watry Eloquence;
Weep then, onely be expreſt
Thus much, *He's Dead*, and Weep the reſt.

Upon the Death of Mr. Herrys.

A Plant of Noble ſtemme, forward and fair,
As ever whisper'd to the Morning Air,
Thriv'd in theſe happy Grounds, the Earths juſt pride,
Whoſe riſing Glories made ſuch haſte to hide

His Head in Clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught Motion
To ſtart from Time, and chearfully to fly
Before, and ſeize upon Maturity:
Thus grew this gracious Plant, in whoſe ſweet ſhade,
The Sun himſelf oft wiſht to ſit, and made
The morning Muſes perch like Birds, and ſing
Among his Branches, yea, and vow'd to bring
His own delicious Phœnix from the Bleſt
Arabia, there to build her Virgin Neſt
To hatch her ſelf in, 'mongſt his Leaves: the Day
Freſh from the Roſie Eaſt rejoyc't to play.
To them ſhe gave the firſt and faireſt Beam
That waited on her Birth, ſhe gave to them
The pureſt Pearls, that wept her Evening Death,
The balmy *Zephirus* got ſo ſweet a Breath
By often kiſſing them, and now begun
Glad time to ripen expectation:
The timerous Maiden-Bloſſomes on each Bough,
Peept forth from their firſt bluſhes: ſo that now
A Thouſand ruddy hopes ſmil'd in each Bud,
And flatter'd every greedy Eye that ſtood
Fixt in Delight, as if already there
Thoſe rare Fruits dangled, whence the Golden year
His Crown expected, when (O Fate, O Time
That ſeldom lett'ſt a bluſhing youthful Prime
Hide his hot Beams in ſhade of ſilver Age;
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire Rage
Of a mad ſtorm theſe bloomy joyes all tore,
Raviſht the Maiden Bloſſomes, and down bore
The Trunk; yet in this Ground his precious Root
Still lives, which when weak Time ſhall be pour'd out
Into Eternity, and circular joys
Dance in an endleſs round, again ſhall riſe

The

The fair Son of an ever-youthful Spring,
To be a ſhade for Angels while they ſing.
Mean while, who e'r thou art that paſſeſt here,
O do thou water it with one kind Tear.

Upon the Death of the moſt deſired Mr. Herrys.

DEath, what doſt? O hold thy blow,
What thou doſt thou doſt not know.
Death thou muſt not here be cruel,
This is Natures choiceſt Jewel.
This is he in whoſe rare frame,
Nature labour'd for a Name;
And meant to leave his precious Feature,
The pattern of a perfect Creature.
Joy of Goodneſs, Love of Art,
Vertue wears him next her Heart:
Him the Muſes love to follow,
Him they call their Vice-*Apollo*
Apollo Golden though thou be,
Th' art not fairer then is he.
Nor more lovely lift'ſt thy head,
Bluſhing from thine Eaſtern Bed,
The Glories of thy Youth ne'r knew
Brighter hopes then he can ſhew;
Why then ſhould it e'r be ſeen,
That his ſhould Fade while thine is Green?
And wilt Thou, (O cruel boaſt!)
Put poor Nature to ſuch coſt?
O 'twill undoe our common Mother,
To be at charge of ſuch another:
What? think we to no other end,
Gracious Heavens do uſe to ſend

Earth

Earth her beſt perfection,
But to vaniſh and be gone?
Therefore only give to day,
To morrow to be ſnatcht away?
I 've ſeen indeed the hopeful Bud,
Of a ruddy Roſe that ſtood
Bluſhing to behold the Ray
Of the new ſaluted Day,
(His tender Top not fully ſpread)
The ſweet daſh of a ſhower now ſhed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himſelf the Purple pride
Of his forward Flower, when lo,
While he ſweetly 'gan to ſhow
His ſwelling Glories, *Auſter* ſpide him,
Cruel *Auſter* thither hy'd him,
And with the ruſh of one rude blaſt,
Sham'd not ſpiteſully to waſt
All his Leaves, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I 've ſeen the Mornings lovely Ray,
Hover o'r the new-born Day,
With Roſie wings ſo richly Bright,
As if he ſcorn'd to think of Night,
When a ruddy ſtorm whoſe ſcoul
Made Heavens radiant face look ſoul,
Call'd for an untimely Night,
To blot the newly bloſſom'd Light.
But were the Roſes bluſh ſo rare,
Were the Mornings ſmile ſo fair
As is he, nor Cloud nor Wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
Spare him, Death, O ſpare him then,
Spare the ſweeteſt among men:

Let

Let not pitty with her Tears,
Keep ſuch diſtance from thine Ears;
But O thou wilt not, canſt not ſpare,
Haſte hath never time to hear;
Therefore if he needs muſt go,
And the Fates will have it ſo,
Softly may he be poſſeſt,
Of his monumental Reſt,
Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
Safe O hide his loved head.
For Pitties ſake O hide him quite,
From his Mother Natures ſight:
Leſt, for the Grief his loſs may move,
All her Births Abortive prove.

Another.

IF ever Pitty were acquainted
With ſterne Death, if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigor,
Of an Adamantine rigour,
Here, o here we ſhould have known it,
Here or no where he'd have ſhown it.
For he whoſe pretious memory,
Bathes in tears of every eye:
He to whom our ſorrow brings
All the ſtreams of all her ſprings,
Was ſo rich in Grace and Nature,
In all the gifts that bleſs a Creature,
The freſh hopes of his lovely Youth
Flouriſht in ſo fair a grouth.
So ſweet the Temple was, that ſhrin'd
The Sacred ſweetneſs of his mind.

That

That could the Fates know to relent;
Could they know what Mercy meant?
Or had ever learnt to bear,
The soft Tincture of a Tear?
Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
As might have taught Grief how to weep:
Now all their steely Operation,
Would quite have lost the cruel fashion:
Sickness would have gladly been,
Sick himself to have sav'd him:
And his Feaver wisht to prove
Burning onely in his Love;
Him when wrath it self had seen,
Wrath its self had lost his spleen;
Grim destruction here amaz'd,
In stead of striking would have gaz'd;
Even the Iron-pointed Pen,
That notes the Tragick Dooms of men
Wet with Tears still'd from the Eyes,
Of the flinty Destinies,
Would have learnt a softer style,
And have been asham'd to spoile
His Lives sweet story, by the hast,
Of a cruel stop ill plac't.
In the dark Volume of our Fate,
Whence each Leaf of Life hath Date,
Where in sad particulars,
The total sum of Man appears;
And the short clause of Mortal Breath,
Bound in the period of Death:
In all the Book if any where
Such a Term as this, *spare here*,
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
Writ in white Letters o'r his head:

Or

Or cloſe unto his name annext,
The fair gloſs of a fairer Text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and onely he.
But he alas! even he is dead
And our hopes fair Harveſt ſpread
In the Duſt; Pity now ſpend
All the Tears that Grief can lend:
Sad Mortality may hide,
In his Aſhes all her pride,
With this Inſcription o'r his head;
All hope of never dying here lies dead.

His Epitaph.

PAſſenger who e'r thou art,
Stay a while and let thy Heart
Take acquaintance of this ſtone,
Before thou paſſeſt further on;
This ſtone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whoſe mind,
Left his years ſo much behind,
That numbring of his Vertues Praiſe,
Death loſt the reckoning of his Days;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old;
In him perfection did ſet forth,
The ſtrength of her United worth;
Him his wiſdomes pregnant growth
Made ſo Reverend, even in Youth,
That in the Center of his Breſt
(Sweet as is the *Phœnix* Neſt)

Every

Every reconciled Grace
Had their general meeting place;
In him goodneſs joy'd to ſee
Learning learn Humility;
The ſplendor of his Birth and Blood,
Was but the Gloſs of his own Good;
The flouriſh of his ſober Youth
Was the pride of Naked Truth:
In compoſure of his Face
Liv'd a fair, but Manly Grace;
His Mouth was Rhetorick's beſt Mold,
His Tongue the Touchſtone of her Gold;
What Word ſo e'r his Breath kept warm,
Was no Word now but a Charm:
For all perſuaſive Graces thence
Suckt their ſweeteſt Influence;
His Vertue that within had root,
Could not chooſe but ſhine without;
And th' Heart-bred Luſtre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own Rays:
That to his ſweetneſs all mens Eyes
Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice.

Him while freſh and fragrant Time
Cheriſht in his Golden Prime;
E're *Hebe*'s Hand had overlaid
His ſmooth Cheeks with a Downy ſhade;
The ruſh of Deaths unruly Wave,
Swept him off into his Grave.

Enough, now (if thou canſt) paſs on,
For now (alas) not in this ſtone
(Paſſenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart.

An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who dies and were buried together.

TO theſe, whom Death again did Wed,
This Grave's the ſecond Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt Soul and Body a divorce:
It could not ſever Man and Wife,
Becauſe they both liv'd but one Life;
Peace, good Reader, do not weep;
Peace, the Lovers are aſleep;
They (ſweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the laſt knot that Love could tye.
Let them ſleep, let them ſleep on,
Till this ſtormy night be gone,
And the Eternal Morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a Light,
Whoſe Day ſhall never dye in Night.

An Epitaph upon Doctor Brook.

A *Brook* whoſe Stream ſo Great, ſo Good,
Was Lov'd, was Honour'd as a Flood,
Whoſe Banks the Muſes dwelt upon,
More then their own *Helicon*,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet paſſage under ground;
Mean while his loved Banks, now dry,
The Muſes with their Tears ſupply.

Upon

Upon Mr. Stanihough's *Death.*

DEar Relicks of a diſlodg'd ſoul, whoſe lack
Makes many a mourning Paper put on black;
O ſtay a while e're thou draw in thy Head,
And wind thy ſelf up cloſe in thy cold Bed:
Stay but a little while, until I call
A ſummons, worthy of thy Funeral. (Powers
Come then Youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye ſoft
Whoſe ſilken Flatteries ſwell a few fond hours
Into a falſe Eternity, come Man,
(Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy ſpan;
Take thine own Meaſure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy ſelf in thy Idæa, thou
Huge emptineſs contract thy Bulk, and ſhrink
All thy wild Circle to a point! O ſink
Lower, and lower yet; till thy ſmall ſize,
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow Eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet, till thou begin
To ſhow a Face fit to confeſs thy Kin
Thy Neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
Thy ſelf in this unfeign'd reflexion:
Here gallant Ladies this impartial Glaſs
(Through all your painting) ſhows you your own face
Theſe Death-ſeal'd Lips are they dare give the lye,
To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.
Theſe Curtain'd Windows, this ſelf-priſon'd Eye,
Out-ſtares the Lids of large-lookt Tyranny:
This poſture is the brave one; this that lies
Thus low, ſtands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
The World--- All daring Duſt and Aſhes, onely you
Of all Interpreters read Nature true.

Up

Upon the Duke of York's *Birth. A Panegyrick.*

Britain, the Mighty Ocean's lovely Bride, (wide
Now ſtretch thy ſelf (fair Iſle) and grow, ſpread
Thy Boſome and make room; thou art oppreſt
With thine own Glories: and art ſtrangely Bleſt
Beyond thy ſelf: for lo! the Gods the Gods
Come faſt upon the, and thoſe Glorious ods,
Swell thy full Glories to a pitch ſo high,
As ſits above thy beſt Capacity.
Are they not Ods? and Glorious? that to thee
Thoſe mighty *Genii* throng, which well might be
Each one an Ages labour, that thy days
Are Guilded with the Union of thoſe Rays,
Whoſe each divided Beam would be a Sun,
To glad the Sphear of any Nation.
O if for theſe thou meanſt to find a ſeat,
Th'aſt need, O *Britain* to be truly Great.
And ſo thou art, their preſence makes thee ſo,
They are thy Greatneſs; Gods where e're they go
Bring their Heaven with them, their great footſteps
An everlaſting ſmile upon the face, (place
Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
Thoſe Beams that ampliate Mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and ſwell
To Majeſtie and fulneſs deign to dwell;
Thou by thy ſelf mayſt ſit, (Bleſt Iſle) and ſee
How thy Great Mother Nature doats on thee:
Thee therefore from the reſt apart ſhe hurl'd,
And ſeem'd to make an Iſle, but made a World.

Great *Charles*! thou sweet Dawn of a Glorious day,
Center of those thy Grandsires shall I say
Henry and *James*, or *Mars* and *Phœbus* rather?
If this were Wisdom's God, that War's stern Father,
'Tis but the same is said, *Henry* and *James*
Are *Mars* and *Phœbus* under divers Names.
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the Poles
Of Peace and War; thou for whose Manly Brow
Both Laurels twine into one Wreath, and wooe
To be thy Garland; see (sweet Prince) O see
Thou and the lovely hopes that smile in thee
Are ta'ne out, and transscrib'd by thy Great Mother,
See, see thy real shadow, see thy Brother,
Thy little self in less, read in these Eyne
The Beams that dance in those full Stars of thine.
From the same snowy Alablaster Rock
These hands and thine were hew'n, these Cherrys mock
The Coral of thy Lips. Thou art of all
This well-wrought Copy the fair Principal.

Justly, Great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
How ev'n th'ast drawn this faithful Parallel,
And matcht thy Master-peece: O then go on
Make such another sweet comparison,
See'st thou that *Mary* there? O teach her Mother
To shew her to her self in such another:
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone, Light such another Star, and twine
Their Rosie Beams, so that the Morn for one
Venus, may have a Constellation.
So have I seen (to dress their Mistress *May*)
Two Silken sister Flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful Cheeks together, newly they

Peep't

Peep't from their Buds, ſhew'd like the Gardens Eyes
Scarce wak't: like was the Crimſon of their joys,
Like were the Pearls they wept, ſo like that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion.
But ſtay, what glimpſe was that? why bluſht the day?
Why ran the ſtarted Air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in Rays that ſcorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what ſecond Morn
At Mid-day opes a preſence which Heavens Eye
Stands off and points at? is't ſome Deity
Stept from her Throne of Stars deigns to be ſeen?
Is it ſome Deity? or is't our Queen?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe: her awful Beauties chaſe
The Days abaſhed Glories, and in face
Of Noon wear their own Sunſhine, O thou bright
Miſtriſs of Wonders! *Cynthia's* is the Night,
But thou at Noon doſt ſhine, and art all Day,
(Nor does the Sun deny't) our *Cynthia*,
Illuſtrious ſweetneſs! in thy faithful Womb,
That Neſt of *Heroes*, all our hopes find room;
Thou art the Mother *Phœnix*, and thy Breaſt
Chaſte as that Virgin Honour of the *Eaſt*,
But much more fruitful is; nor does, as ſhe,
Deny to Mighty Love a Deity;
Then let the Eaſtern World brag and be proud
Of one coy *Phœnix*, while we have a brood,
A brood of *Phœnixes*, and ſtill the Mother;
And may we long, long may'ſt thou live, t' encreaſe
The Houſe and Family of *Phœnixes*.
Nor may the Light that gives their Eye-lids light,
E're prove the diſmal Morning of thy Night:
Ne'r may a Birth of thine be bought ſo dear,
To mak his coſtly Cradle of thy Beer.
O mayſt thou thus make all the year thine own,

And ſee ſuch Names of joy ſit white upon
The brow every Moneth; and when that's done
Mayeſt in a Son of his find every Son
Repeated, and that Son ſtill in another,
And ſo in each Child often prove a Mother,
Long maiſt thou laden with ſuch cluſters lean
Upon thy Royal Elme (fair Vine) and when
The Heavens will ſtay no longer, may thy Glory
And Name dwell ſweet in ſome Eternal ſtory.
Pardon (bright Excellence) an untun'd String,
That in thy Ears thus keeps a murmuring;
O ſpeak a lowly Muſes pardon; ſpeak
Her Pardon or her Sentence; onely break
Thy ſilence; ſpeak; and ſhe ſhall take from thence
Numbers, and Sweetneſs, and an Influence
Confeſſing thee; or (if too long I ſtay)
O ſpeak thou and my Pipe hath nought to ſay:
For ſee *Apollo* all this while ſtands Mute,
Expecting by thy Voice to Tune his Lute.
But Gods are Gracious: and their Altars make
Pretious their offerings that their Altars take;
Give them this Rural Wreath Fire from thine Eyes.
This Rural Wreath dares be thy Sacrifice.

Upon Ford's *Two Tragedies.*

Love's Sacrifice *and* The Broken Heart.

THou cheat'ſt us *Ford*, mak'ſt one ſeem two by Art
What is *Love's Sacrifice* but *the Broken Heart?*

On a foul Morning being then to take a journey.

WHere are thou *Sol*, while thus the blind-fold day
Staggers out of the *Eaſt*, loſes her way
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee Illuſtrious Youth,
And let no dull Miſts choak the Lights fair growth.
Point here thy Beams, O glance on yonder Flocks,
And make their Fleeces Golden as thy Locks.
Unfold thy fair Front, and there ſhall appear
Full Glory, flaming in her own free Sphear.
Gladneſs ſhall cloath the Earth, we will inſtile
The face of things, an univerſal Smile:
Say to the ſullen Morn, thou com'ſt to Court her;
And wilt demand proud *Zephirus* to ſport her
With wanton Gales; his Balmy Breath ſhall lick
The tender Drops which tremble on her Cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle Rain
On thoſe delicious Banks diſtill'd again,
Shall riſe in a ſweet Harveſt which diſcloſes
To every bluſhing Bed of new-born Roſes.
He'l fan her bright Locks teaching them to flow,
And friſk in curl'd *Meanders*: he will throw
A fragrant Breath ſuckt from the Spicy Neſt
O'th' precious *Phœnix*, warm upon her Breſt:
He with a dainty and ſoft hand, will Trim
And bruſh her Azure Mantle, which ſhall ſwim
In ſilken Volumes, whereſoe'r ſhe'll tread,
Bright Clouds like Golden Fleeces ſhall be ſpread.
Riſe then (fair blew-ey'd Maid) riſe and diſcover
Thy ſilver Brow, and meet thy Golden Lover,
See how he runs, with what a haſty flight
Into thy Boſome, bath'd with Liquid Light.

Fly, fly, prophane Fogs, farr hence fly away,
Taint not the pure ſtreams of the ſpringing day.
With your dull influence, it is for you,
To ſit and cloud upon Nights heavy Brow;
Not on the freſh Cheeks of the Virgin Morn,
Where nought but ſmiles, and ruddy joys are worn,
Fly then, and do not think with her to ſtay;
Let it ſuffice, ſhe'l wear no Mask to day.

Upon the fair Ethiopian ſent to a Gentlewoman.

LO here the fair *Chariclia*! in whom ſtrove
So falſe a Fortune, and ſo true a Love.
Now after all her Toils by Sea and Land,
O may ſhe but arrive at your white hand;
Her Hopes are Crown'd, onely ſhe fears that than
She ſhall appear true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I Would be Married, but I'de have no Wife,
I would be Married to a ſingle Life.

To the Morning.

Satisfaction for Sleep.

WHat ſuccor can I hope the Muſe will ſend
Whoſe drowſineſs hath wrong'd the Muſes friend?
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
Unleſs the Muſe ſing my Apology?

O in that Morning of my ſhame! when I
Lay folded up in ſleeps Captivity;
How at the ſight didſt thou draw back thine Eyes,
Into thy modeſt veyl? how did'ſt thou riſe
Twice Dy'd in thine own Bluſhes, and did'ſt run
To draw the Curtains, and awake the Sun?
Who rowzing his illuſtrious Treſſes came,
An ſeeing the loath'd Object, hid for ſhame
His Head in thy fair Boſome, and ſtill hides
Me from his Patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
My own *Apollo*, try if I can make
His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*: and ſee
If *Morpheus* have a Muſe to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble Fancy finds no wings,
No nimble Raptures, ſtarts to Heaven and brings
Enthuſiaſtick Flames, ſuch as can give
Marrow to my plump *Genius*, make it live
Dreſt in the glorious Madneſs of a Muſe,
Whoſe Feet can walk the Milky way, and chuſe
Her Starry Throne; whoſe Holy heats can warm
The Grave, and hold up an exalted Arm
To lift me from my lazy Urne, and climb
Upon the ſtopped ſhoulders of old Time;
And trace Eternity——But all is dead,
All theſe delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry Brow,
Where Mercy cannot find them; but O thou
Bright Lady of the Morn, pitty doth lye
So warm in thy ſoft Breſt it cannot dye:
Have Mercy then, and when he next ſhall riſe
O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
And ſtroak his radiant Cheeks; one timelly kiſs
Will kill his Anger, and revive my Bliſs.

So

So to the Treaſure of thy pearly Deaw,
Thrice will I pay three Tears, to ſhow how true
My grief is; ſo my wakeful lay ſhall knock
At th' Oriental Gates; and duly mock
The early Larks ſhrill Orizons to be
An Anthem at the Days Nativity.
And the ſame Roſie-finger'd hand of thine,
That ſhuts Nights dying Eyes, ſhall open mine.
But thou, faint God of ſleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my Pillow ſhall thine Altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My ſelf a melting-Sacrifice; I'm born
Again a freſh Child of the Buxome Morn,
Heir of the Suns firſt Beams, why threat'ſt thou ſo?
Why doſt thou ſhake thy Leaden Scepter? goe,
Beſtow thy Poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickneſs and Sorrow, whoſe pale Lids ne'r know
Thy Downy Finger, dwell upon their Eyes,
Shut in their Tears; ſhut out their Miſeries.

Loves Horoſcope.

LOve, brave vertues younger Brother,
Erſt hath made my Heart a Mother,
She conſults the conſcious Sphears,
To c lculate her young Sons years.
She asks if ſad, or ſaving pow'rs,
Gave Omen to his Infant hours,
She asks each Star that then ſtood by,
If poor Love ſhall live or dye.

Ah my heart, is that the way?
Are theſe the Beams that rule thy Day?
Thou know'ſt a Face in whoſe each look,
Beauty lays ope Loves Fortune-Book,
On whoſe fair Revolutions wait
The obſequious Motions of Loves Fate,
Ah my Heart, her Eyes and ſhe,
Have taught thee new Aſtrology.
How e'r Loves Native hours were ſet,
What ever Starry Synod met,
Tis in the Mercy of her Eye,
If poor Love ſhall live or dye.

If thoſe ſharp Rays putting on
Points of Death bid Love begone
(Though the Heavens in Council ſate,
To crown an uncontrouled Fate,
Though their beſt Aſpects twin'd upon
The kindeſt Conſtellation,
Caſt amorous glances on his Birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his Paths with all the good
That warms the Bed of Youth and Blood)
Love ha's no plea againſt her Eye
Beauty frowns, and Love muſt dye.

But if her milder influence move;
And guild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heavens inauſpicious Eye
Lay black on Loves Nativity;
Though every Diamond in *Joves* Crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown,)
Her Eye a ſtrong appeal can give,
Beauty ſmiles and Love ſhall live.

O if Love ſhall live, O where
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Breaſt or in her Breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from Death?
For in the life ought elſe can give,
Love ſhall dye although he live.

Or if Love ſhall dye, O where,
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Breath or in her Breſt,
Shall I build his Funeral Neſt?
While Love ſhall thus entombed lye,
Love ſhall live although he dye.

Out of Virgil,
In the praiſe of the Spring.

ALL Trees, all Leavy Groves confeſs the Spring
Their gentleſt Friend, then, then the Lands begin
To ſwell with forward pride and ſeed deſire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the Boſome of his Love, and powrs
Himſelf into her Lap in fruitful ſhowres
And by a ſoft inſinuation, mixt
With Earths large Maſſe, doth cheriſh and aſſiſt
Her weak Conceptions; No loan ſhade, but Rings
With chatting Birds delicious murmurings.
Then *Venus* mild inſtinct (at ſet times) yields
The Herds to kindly meetings, then the Fields
(Quick with warm *Zephires* lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant Boſomes in a fragrant Birth
Each body's plump and jucy, all things full

Of

Of ſupple moiſture: no coy twig but will
Truſt his beloved Boſome to the Sun
(Grown luſty now;) No Vine ſo weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auſter, or thoſe ſtorms
That the South-weſt wind hurries in his Arms,
But haſtes her forward Bloſſomes, and lays out
Freely lays out her Leaves; nor do I doubt
But when the World firſt out of *Chaos* ſprang,
So ſmil'd the days, and ſo the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A ſpring was there,
An everlaſting ſpring, the jolly year
Led round in his great Circle; no winds Breath
As then did ſmell of Winter, or of Death;
When life's ſweet Light firſt ſhone on Beaſts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, ſprang hardy men;
When Beaſts took up their Lodging in the Wood,
Stars in their higher Chambers: never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the ſence
Of ſuch a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence
Kindly ſupplys ſick Nature, and doth mold
A ſweetly temper'd Mean, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture ſent to a Friend.

I Paint ſo ill, my Piece had need to be
Painted again by ſome good Poeſie,
I write ſo ill, my ſlender Line is ſcarce
So much as th' Picture of a well-Lim'd Verſe:
Yet may the Love I ſend be true, though I
Send not true Picture nor true Poeſie:
Both which away, I ſhould not need to fear,
My Love, or *Feign'd*, or *Painted* ſhould appear.

In praiſe of Leſſius, *his rule of Health.*

GOe now with ſome daring Drugg,
Baſt the diſeaſe, and while they tug
Thou to maintain their cruel ſtrife,
Spend the dear Treaſure of thy life;
Go take Phyſick, doat upon
Some big-nam'd Compoſition,
The Oraculous Doctors miſtick Bills,
Certain hard Words made into Pills;
And what at length ſhalt get by theſe?
Onely a Coſtlyer diſeaſe.
Goe poor Man, think what ſhall be,
Remedy againſt thy Remedy.
That which makes us have no need
Of Phyſick that's Phyſick indeed.
Hark hither, Reader, wouldſt thou ſee
Nature her own Phyſitian be;
Wouldſt ſee a man all, his own Wealth,
His own Phyſick, his own Health?
A Man whoſe ſober Soul can tell,
How to wear her Garments well?
Her Garments that upon her ſit,
As Garments ſhould do, cloſe and fit?
A well-cloath'd ſoul that's not oppreſt,
Nor choakt with what ſhe ſhould be dreſt?
A Soul ſheath'd in a Chryſtal ſhrine,
Through which all her bright Features ſhine?
As when a piece of wanton Lawn,
A thin aereal Vail is drawn
O'r Beauties Face, ſeeming to hide
More ſweetly ſhows the bluſhing Bride.

A Soul whoſe intellectual Beams
No Miſts do Mask no lazy ſteams?
A happy ſoul that all the way,
To Heaven, hath a Summers day?
Would'ſt thou ſee a Man whoſe well warm'd blood,
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A Man whoſe Tuned humours be,
A ſet of rareſt Harmony?
Wouldſt ſee blith Looks freſh Cheeks beguile
Age, wouldſt ſee *December* ſmile?
Wouldſt ſee a neſt of Roſes grow
In a bed of reverend Snow?
Warm Thoughts, free Spirits, flattering
Winters ſelf into a Spring?
In ſumme, wouldſt ſee a Man that can
Live to be old and ſtill a Man?

The beginning of Heliodorus.

THe ſmiling Morn had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the Mountains in a tender Ray:
When on a Hill (whoſe high Imperious Brow
Looks down, and ſees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haſte into the ſeas
Through the great Mouth that's nam'd from *Hercules*)
A band of men, rough as the Arms they wore
Look't round, firſt to the Sea, then to the Shore.
The Shore that ſhewed them what the Sea deny'd.
Hope of a Prey. There to the main Land ty'd
A ſhip they ſaw, no men ſhe had; yet preſt
Appear'd with other lading, for her Breſt
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third Ring; o'r the ſhore was ſpread

Death's

Death's purple Triumph, on the blushing ground
Lifes late forsaken Houses all lay drown'd
In their own Bloods dear deluge some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warm ruines bled:
While their affrighted souls now wing'd for flight
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering Light
Those yet fresh streams which crawled every where,
Shew'd, that stern warre had newly bath'd him there:
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
A miserable and a monstrous Feast,
Where hungry War had made himself a Guest;
And coming late had eat up Guests and all,
Who prov'd the Feast to their own Funeral, *&c.*

Out of the Greek, Cupid's *Cryer.*

LOve is lost, nor can his Mother
Her little fugitive discover:
She seeks, she sighs, but no no where spies him;
Love is lost; and thus she crys him.
O yes! if any happy Eye,
This roaving wanton shall descry:
Let the Finder surely know
Mine is the Wagg; 'tis I that own
The winged wand'rer, and that none
May think his Labour vainly gone,
The glad descryer shall not miss,
To taste the *Nectar* of a Kiss
From *Venus* Lips; but as for him
That brings him to me, he shall swim
In riper joys; more shall be his
(*Venus* assures him) then a kiss;

But

But leſt your Eye diſcerning ſlide,
Theſe marks may be your judgements guide:
His Skin as with a Fiery bluſhing
High-colour'd is; His Eyes ſtill flaſhing
With nimble Flames, and though his Mind
Be ne'r ſo curſt, his Tongue is kind:
For never were his Words in ought
Found the pure iſſue of his thought.
The working Bees ſoft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not ſo ſweet as do the Tones
Of his I un'd Accents; but if once
His anger kindle, preſently
It boils out into cruelty,
And fraud: he makes poor mortals hurts,
The objects of his cruel ſports;
With dainty Curles his froward face
Is Crown'd about; but O what place,
What fartheſt nook of loweſt Hell
Feels not the ſtrength, the reaching ſpell
Of his ſmall hand? yet not ſo ſmall
As 'tis powerful therewithal;
Though bare his Skin, his Mind he covers
And like a ſaucy Bird he hovers
With wanton Wing, now here, now there,
'Bout Men and Women; nor will ſpare
Till at length he perching reſt,
In the Cloſet of their Breſt.
His weapon is a little Bow,
Yet ſuch a one as (*Jove* knows how)
Ne'r ſuffred yet his little Arrow,
Of Heav'ns high'ſt Arches to fall narrow.
The Gold that on his Quiver ſmiles,
Deceives mens fears with flattering wiles:

But O (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter ſhafs 'tis ſauc't too well;
He is all cruel, cruel all;
His Torch imperious though but ſmall
Makes the Sun (of Flames the Sire)
Worſe then Sun-burnt in his Fire:
Whereſoe'r you chance to find him
Seize him, bring him, (but firſt bind him)
Pitty not him, but fear thy ſelf,
Though thou ſee the crafty Elfe,
Tell down his Silver drops unto thee,
They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee;
With baited ſmiles if he diſplay
His fawning Cheeks, look not that way
If he offer fugred Kiſſes,
Start, and ſay, the Serpent hiſſes
Draw him, drag him, though he pray
Wooe, intreat, and crying ſay
Prethee, ſweet, now let me go,
Here's my Quiver, Shafts and Bow,
I'le give thee all, take all, take heed
Leſt his kindneſs make thee bleed.
What e'r it be Love offers, ſtill preſume
That though it ſhines, 'tis Fire, and will conſume.

HIgh mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall
Was thrown alas, and got a deadly fall
Under th' unruly Beaſts proud feet he lies
All torn; with much adoe yet e'r he dies,
He ſtrains theſe words: B ſe Envy, doe, laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon.*

Up

Upon Venus *putting on* Mars *his Arms:*

WHat? *Mars* his sword? fair *Cytherea* say,
Why art thou Arm'd so desperately to day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and © then
What needst thou put on Arms against poor men?

Upon the same.

PAllas saw *Venus* arm'd, and streight she cry'd,
Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool! says *Venus*, thus provok'st thou me,
That being nak'd, thou know'st could conquer thee?

Upon Bishop Andrews *his Picture before his Sermons.*

THis Reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,
Whose Glorious course through our Horizon run,
Left the dimme Face of this dull Hemisphære,
All one great Eye, all drown'd in one great Tear;
Whose fair illustrious Soul, led his free Thought
Through Learnings Universe, and (vainly) sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length
She found the way home with an Holy strength,
Snatch't her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place
Mongst those immortal Fires, and on the Face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming Eye,
There still to read true pure Divinity.

And now that grave Aſpect hath deign'd to ſhrink
Into this leſs appearance; if you think,
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath;
Look on the following Leaves, and ſee him breath.

Out of Martial.

FOur Teeth thou hadſt that rank'd in goodly ſtate
Kept thy Mouths Gate.

The firſt blaſt of thy Cough left two alone,
The ſecond, none.

This laſt Cough, *Ælia*, Cought out all thy fear,
Th' haſt left the third Cough now no buſineſs here.

Out

Out of Italian.

A Song.

TO thy Lover
Deer, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those Roses
It discloses)
All the Flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Air,
Flow thy Hair;
That no more Summers best dresses,
Be beholden
For their Golden
Locks, to Phœbus *Flaming Tresses.*

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow;
Feathered with his Mothers Sparrows.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deer Lips whose Door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearls, and Sister Roses.

From these Treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to cheer the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The Air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a Word once fly from out thee;
Storm and Thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about Thee.

But if Natures
Common Creatures,
So dear Glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy Beauty
Owes a Duty
To my loving, lingring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his Terrors to affright me;
Thine Eyes Graces,
Guild their Faces,
And those Terrors shall delight me,

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet Airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many Deaths renew me.

Out

Out of the Italian.

LOve now no Fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it,
Your Eyes the Light hath reft him;
The Heat commanding in my *Heart* doth fit,
O! that poor Love be not for ever spoiled,
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled.

So shall these Flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lies
(Drest in those Beams) start forth
And dance before your Eyes.

Or else partake my Flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutual Names
O Love, burn both together.

Out of the Italian.

WOuld any one the true cause find
How Love came nak't, a Boy and blind?
'Tis this; listning one day too long,
To th' Syrens in my Mistress Song,
The extasie of a delight
So much o'r-mastring all his might,
To that one Sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his Clothes, Eyes, Heart and all.

On the Frontispiece of Isaacsons *Chronologie explained.*

IF with distinctive Eye and Mind you look
Upon the *Frons*, you see more then one Book,
Creation is *Gods Book*, wherein he writ
Each Creature, as a Letter filling it.
History is *Creations* Book; which shows
To what effects the *Series* of it goes.
Chronologie's the Book of *History*, and bears
The just account of *Days*, of *Moneths*, and *Years*.
But *Resurrection* in a Later Press,
And *New Edition* is the summe of these:
The Language of these Books had all been one,
Had not th' *Aspiring Tow'r of Babylon*
Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As far the Speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd World.
Set then your Eyes in Method, and behold
Times Embleme, *Saturn*; who, when store of Gold
Coyn'd the first Age, *Devour'd* that *Birth* he fear'd;
Till *History*, Times eldest Child appear'd;
And *Phœnix*-like, in spight of *Saturns* rage,
Fore'd from her *Ashes*; Heires in every Age.
From th' *Rising Sun*, obtaining by just Suit,
A *Springs Ingender*, and an *Autumns Fruit*.
Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pen'd,
Unto *Creations Alpha* doth extend.
Again Ascend, and view *Chronology*,
By *Optick skill* pulling far *History*
Neerer; whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles* Eye
Strengthens to bring remotest Objects nigh.

Under

Under whose *Feet*, you see the *Setting Sun*,
From the dark *Gnomon*, o'r her Volumes run,
Drown'd in Eternal Night, never to rise,
Till *Resurrection* show it to the Eyes
Of *Earth*-worn men; and her shril Trumpets sound
Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground:
The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphera*,
To show *Chronology* and *History* bear
No other *Culmen*; then the double Art,
Astronomy, *Geography* impart.

Or Thus.

LEt hoary *Time's* vast Bowels be the Grave.
To what his Bowels Birth and Being gave;
Let Nature die, and (*Phœnix* like) from death
Revived Nature take a second Breath;
If on *Times* right hand, sit fair *Historie*;
If, from the seed of empty Ruine, she
Can raise so fair an *Harvest*: let her be
Ne'r so far distant, yet *Chronology*
(Sharp-sighted as the *Eagles* Eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd Days Meridian)
Will have a *Perspicil* to find her out,
And, through the *Night* of error, and dark doubt,
Discern the *Dawn* of Truth's eternal Ray,
As when the Rosie *Morn* buds into Day.
Now that *Time's* Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babels bold *Artists* strive (below) to build
Ruine a Temple; on whose fruitful fall
History rears her *Pyramids* more tall
Then were th' *Ægyptian* (by the life, these give,
Th' *Egyptian Pyramids* themselves must live:)

On these the life, the world; and on their base
Shews the two Terms and Limits of Time's Race:
That, the *Creation* is, the *Judgment* this;
That, the Worlds *Morning*, this her *Midnight* is.

An Epitaph upon Mr. Pasiton a Conformable Citizen.

THe modest front of this small floor,
Beleeve me Reader, can say more
Then many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.
One whose Conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of those few that in this Town,
Honour all Preachers; hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o're again.
His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
Those to the Eye, then to the Ear.
His Prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not onely in despight of *Rome*:
He lov'd his *Father*, yet his Zeal
Tore not off his Mothers Veil.
To th' Church he did allow her Dress,
True *Beauty* to true *Holiness*.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end:
When Age and Death call'd for the score,

No

No ſurſets were to reckon for,
Death tore not (therefore) but ſans ſtrife
Gently untwin'd his threed of Life.
What remains then, but that Thou
Write theſe Lines, Reader in thy Brow;
And by his fair Examples light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So while theſe Lines can but bequeath
A Life perhaps unto his Death,
His better Epitaph ſhall be,
His Life ſtill kept alive in Thee.

Out of Catullus.

COme and let us Live my Dear,
Let us Love and never Fear,
What the ſowreſt Fathers ſay:
Brighteſt Sol that dyes to day
Lives again as blith to morrow,
But if we dark Sons of ſorrow
Set; O then, how long a Night
Shuts the Eyes of our ſhort Light!
Then let amorous Kiſſes dwell
On our Lips, begin and tell
A Thouſand and a Hundred ſcore,
An Hundred and a Thouſand more,
Till another Thouſand ſmother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus at laſt when we have numbred
Many a Thouſand, many a Hundred;
We'l confound the reckoning quite,
And loſe our ſelves in wild delight:
While our joyes ſo multiply,
As ſhall mock the envious Eye.

Wiſhes

Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress.

WHo e're she be,
That not impossible she
That shall Command my Heart and me;

Where e're she lye,
Lock't up from mortal Eye,
In shady Leaves of Destiny:

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idea take a shrine
Of Chrystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,
That ows not all its Duty
To gaudy Tire, or glistring shoo-ty.

Something more than
Taffata or Tissew can,
Or rampant Feather, or rich Fan.

More then the spoil
Of shop, or silkworms Toil
Or a bought Blush, or a set smile.

A Face that's best
By its own Beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt,

A Face made up
Out of no other ſhop,
Then what Natures white hand ſets ope.

A Cheek where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader ſweetly ru'th.

A Cheek where grows
More then a Morning Roſe:
Which to no Box his Being owes.

Lips, where all day
A Lovers Kiſs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppreſs
Their richeſt Tires, but dreſſe
And cloath their ſimpleſt Nakedneſs.

Eyes, that diſplaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out-faces
That Sun-ſhine by their own ſweet Graces.

Treſſes, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themſelves more precious are.

Whoſe native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright ſhades play.

Each Ruby there
Or Pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own Tear.

A well-tam'd Heart,
For whose more Noble smart,
Love may be long choosing a Dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full Quivers on Loves Bow;
Yet pay less Arrows then they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The Blood, yet teach a Charm,
That Chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor Flames of ought too hot within.

Joys, that confess,
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other Head to dress.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing Lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying Maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days

ays, that in ſpight
f Darkneſs, by the Light
f a cleer mind are Day all Night.

ights, ſweet as they,
ade ſhort by Lovers play,
et long by th' abſence of the Day.

ife, that dares ſend,
challenge to his end,
nd when it comes ſay *Welcome Friend.*

ynian ſhowers
f ſweet diſcourſe, whoſe pow'rs
an Crown old Winters head with Flow'rs.

oft ſilken Hours.
pen Sunnes; ſhady Bow'rs,
ove all; Nothing within that low'rs.

hat e'r Delight
an make Days forehead bright,
r give Down to the Wings of Night.

n her whole frame,
ave Nature all the Name,
rt and Ornament the ſhame.

er flattery,
icture and Poeſie.
er Counſel her own Vertue be.

wiſh, her ſtore
f worth, may leave her poor
f wiſhes; and I wiſh——no more.

Now

Now if Time knows
That her whose radiant Brows,
Weave them a Garland of my vows;

Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A Trophy to her present praise;

Her that dares be,
What these Lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and clear
My wishes cloudy Character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose Merit dare apply it,
But Modesty dares still deny it.

Such Worth as this is,
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full Glory,
My Fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi, D. Andrews.

Hæc charta monstrat, Fama quem monstrat magis,
Sed & ipsa nec dum fama quem monstrat satis,
Ille, ille totam solus implevit Tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis igneæ pater
Agiliq; radio Lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
Cucurrit Animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhausit ipsam mille Fœtus Artibus,
Et mille Linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti simul
Cognatus orbi, sic sacrum & solidum jubar
Saturnumq; cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens
Porrexit ignes: hac eum (Lector) vides
Hæc (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quoque.

Epitaphim in Dominum Herrisium.

Siste te paulum (viator) ubi Longum Sisti
Necesse erit, huc nempe properare te scias
quocunque properas.
Mora pretium erit
Et Lachryma,
Si jacere hic scias
Gulielmum
Splendida Herrisiorum familia
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,

Et

Et vixisse tantum;
Discas licet
In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.

Quem { *Infantem, Effexio* } *vidit*
{ *Juvenem, Catabrigia* }

Senem, ah infelix utraque
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius.
Utrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec
Dulciss. Lites eluxit Deus,
Eumque cælestis Collegii,
Cujus semper Alumnus fuit
socium fecit;
Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes & gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præside religione.
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem { *Oratoria* *Oratorem* / *Poetica* *Poetam* / *Utraque* *Philosophum* / *Christianum* *Omnes* } *Aguavere.*

Qui { *Fide* *Mundum* / *Spe* *Cœlum* / *Charitate* *Proximum* / *Humilitate* *Seipsum* } *Superavit.*

Cujus

Cujus
Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem?
Imo vero & mortem,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulare se passus est,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia
Anglicana ad vesperas legit,
Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus;
Scilicet Id: Octobris, Anno S. 1631.

Principi recèns natæ omen maternæ indolis.

CResce, O dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O cresce, & propera, Puella Princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cum terror sacer, Angliciq; magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Late Bosporon, Ottomanicasque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas;
Te tunc altera nec timenda paci,

Poscent prelia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum flos teneri ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam fuit ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim;
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosor Cupido,
O quam certa superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula, mellaeque mentes,
Exultantibus hinc & inde turmis,
Quoque jusseris, impigre volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata dicent!
O quot pectora Principum Magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quae non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque fidus
Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
Et centum Veneres; adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Tercentum Veneresque Gratiaque
Puro fonte superstites per aevum.

In Seneriſſimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem.

SErta puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)
Texe mihi facili pollice ſerta, puer.
Quid tu neſcio quos narras mihi, ſtulte, Decembres
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi ſerta, puer.
Nix? & hyems? non eſt noſtras quid tale per oras;
Non eſt: vel ſi ſit, non tamen eſſe poteſt.
Ver agitur: quecunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid feracunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali ſe palmite regia vitis
Prodit, & in ſacris quæ ſedet uva jugis?
Tam lætis quæ bruma ſolet ridere racemis?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?
O Maria! O divum ſoboles, genitrixque Deorum!
Siccine noſtra tuus tempora ludus erunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida bruma
Sydera, nil madidos ſola morare notos?
Siccine ſub media poterunt tua ſurgere bruma,
Atq; ſuas ſolum lilia noſſe nives?
Ergo vel invitis nivibus, frendentibus Auſtris,
Noſtra novis poterunt regna tumere roſis?
O bona turbatrix anni, qua limite noto
Tempora ſub ſignis non finis ire ſuis!
O pia prædatrix hyemis, qua triſtia mundi
Murmura tam dulci ſub ditione tenes!
Perge precor noſtris vim pulchram ſerre Calendis:
Perge precor menſes ſic numerare tuos.
Perge intempeſtiva atque importuna videri;
Inque uteri titulos ſic rape cuncta tui.
Sit vobis ſit ſæpe hyemes ſic cernere noſtras
Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.

Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Majosq; Decembres,
Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.
Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus & in titulos tanseat omne tuos.
Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?
Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?
Hanc laurum Junus sibi vertice vellet utroque;
Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.
Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum
Reginam cuperent te, sobolemve tuam.
O bona sors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses
Hic mihi Carolides, *hic* Marianus *erit!*

Ad Reginam.

ET vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:
Tempus erat, ne qua tibi basia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo.
Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses
Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
Indolis O stimulos! vix dum illi transiit infans;
Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
Improbus ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis:
Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero.

Si quis in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem docta cuſpide luſit acus,
Hoſtis (io!) eſt; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hoſtem:
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
Tunc haſta gravis adverſum furit; haſta bacillum eſt:
Mox falſum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
Stat leo, ceu ſtupeat tali bene fixus ab hoſte;
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: neſcire fatetur
Mars ne ſub his oculis eſſet, an eſſet Amor.
Quippe illic Mars eſt, ſed qui bene poſſit amari;
Eſt & Amor certe, ſed metuendus Amor:
Talis Amor, talis Mars eſt ubi cernere; qualis
Seu puer hic eſſet, ſive vir ille Deus.
Hic tibi jam ſcitus ſuccedit in oſcula fratris,
Res (ecce!) in luſus non operoſa tuos.
Uſque jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor.
Ah! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic eſt;
Hic ad blanditias eſt tibi cera ſatis.
Salve infans, tot baſiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
Salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius eſt oculus.

In faciem Auguſtiſſ. Regis à morbillis integram.

MUſa redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noſter
En redit, ore ſuo noſter Apollo redit.
Ignis adhuc ſuus, & vultu ſua purpura tantum
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.

Tune

Tune illas violare genas? tune illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipsa sedet radiis O bene tuta suis:
Quippe illic Deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum;
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quod facie Rex totus erat, Quod cætera tactus:
Hinc hominem Rex est fassus, & inde Deum.

Rex Redux.

ILLe redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
Omnibus hinc una est latitia facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Forte roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:
Anne pervexati male fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat libera caput.
Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
Aut sacrum tellus vidit libera caput.
Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
(Falsa perić'la solet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
(Vera perić'la solet temnere verus amor)

Ille falſa timens, ſibi vera pericula temnens,
Non ſolum eſt fidus, ſed quoque fortis amor.
Interea noſtri ſatis ille eſt cauſa triumphi:
Et ſatis (ah!) noſtri cauſa doloris erat.
Cauſa doloris erat Carolus, ſoſpes licet eſſet;
Anglia quod ſaltem diſcere poſſet, Abeſt.
Et ſatis eſt noſtri Carolus nunc cauſa triumphi:
Dicere quod ſaltem poſſumus, Ille redit.

Ad Principem nondum natum.

NAſcere nunc; O nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) morabere menſes?
Rex redit, *Ipſe veni, & dic bone,* Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave *noſtrum? quid noſtri verba triumphi?*
Vagitu melius dixeris iſta tuo.
At maneas tamen: & nobis nova cauſa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova cauſa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova naſcitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipſe redit.

CARMEN

CARMEN
DEO NOSTRO,
Te Decet HYMNVS.

SACRED POEMS,
COLLECTED,
CORRECTED,
AUGMENTED,
Most Humbly PRESENTED,

TO
MY LADY
THE
COUNTESSE
OF
DENBIGH.

By her Most devoted Servant
RICH. CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgement of his immortal Obligation to her Goodness and Charity.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO,

Te Deum HYMNUS,

SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED,

CORRECTED,

AUGMENTED,

Most Humbly PRESENTED,

TO

MY LADY

THE

COUNTESSE

OF

DENBIGH.

By her Most devoted Servant

RICH. CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgement of his immortal Obligation to her Goodness and Charity.

CRASHAWE,

THE

ANAGRAM

HE WAS CAR.

WAs Car *then* Crashaw, *or was* Crashaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashaw, *he* Car, *'tis Love alone*
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashaw's *still the same; so much desired*
By strongest Wits; so honor'd so admired,
Car Was *but* He *that enter'd as a friend*
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did commend
(While yet he liv'd) this Work; they lov'd each other:
Sweet Crashaw *was his friend; he* Crashaws *Brother?*
So Car *hath Title then; 'twas his intent*
That what his Riches pen'd, poor Car *should Print;*
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all, disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give, nor take offence; befal
What Might; he would possess himself: and live
As dead (devoid of interest) t' all might give
Disease t' his well composed mind; forestall'd
With Heavenly Riches: which had wholly call'd

His

His thoughts from Earth, to live above in th' Air
A very Bird of Paradise. Never
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to Heavenly exercise.
Sufficed him; and may we guess his hart
By what his Lips bring forth, his onely part
Is God and Godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all, all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found then sought.
He seeks no Downs, no Sheets, his Bed's still made
If he can find, a Chair or Stool, he's laid,
When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest;
And still, poor soul, before he's up he's dress.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to dye
In th' Virgins Lap, to whom he did apply
His Virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styl'd
By foes, the Chaplain of the Virgin mild
While yet he liv'd without: his Modesty
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear soul; injoy thy rest
Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,
While Car *must live in Care; who was thy friend*
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end,
He may injoy his dearest Lord and thee;
And sit and sing more skilful songs Eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

TO THE
Nobleſt and beſt of
LADIES.
THE
COUNTESSE
OF
DENBIGH:

Perſwading her to Reſolution in Religion, and to render her ſelf without further delay ino the Communion of the Catholick Church.

WHat Heaven-intreated Heart is this?
Stands trembling at the Gate of Bliſs;
Holds faſt the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whoſe Definition is a doubt
'Twixt Life and Death, 'twixt in and out.

Say

Say, lingring fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave Soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weakness) why you choose so long
In labor of your self to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd Soul! a flow
And late consent was a long no,
Who grants at last, long time try'd
And did his best to have deny'd,
What Magick bolts, what Mystick Barrs
Maintain the Will in these strange Warrs!
What fatal, what fantastick Bands,
Keep the free Heart from its own Hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor Waters their own Prisoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they ly
In a fast self-captivity.
Th' astonisht Nymphs their floods strange fate deplore
To see themselves their own severer shore.
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the Heart from its strong Hold,
Almighty Love! end this long War,
And of a Meteor make a Star.
O fix this fair Indefinite
And mongst thy shafts of Soveraign light
Choose out that sure decisive Dart
Which has the Key of this close Heart,
Knows all the corners of't, and can controul
The self-shut Cabinet of an unsearcht soul.
O let it be at last, Love's hour,
Raise this tall Trophee of thy Pow'r;
Come once the conquering way, not to confute
But kill this Rebel-word, *Irresolute*,

That

That so, in spight of all this peevish strength
Of weakness, she may write *Resolv'd at Length*,
Unfold at length, unfold fair Flow'r,
And use the season of Love's show'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise Heart!
And haste to drink the wholsome Dart,
That Healing shaft, which Heav'n till now
Has in Loves Quiver hid for you,
O Dart of Love! Arrow of Light!
O happy you, if it hit right,
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry regardless dust.
Fair one, it is your Fate, and brings
Eternal Words upon its Wings.
Meet it with wide-spread Arms, and see
It's seat your soul's just center be.
Disband dull fears, give faith the day,
To save your life, kill your delay,
It is Loves Siege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his Victory.
'Tis cowardise that keeps this Field,
And want of Courage not to yield.
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The Fort at last, and let Life in.
Yield quickly, least perhaps you prove
Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
This Fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
He is repulst indeed, but you're undone.

To the Name above every Name, the Name JESUS, A Hymn.

I Sing the Name which none can say
But touch't with an interiour Ray;
The name of our new Peace, our Good:
Our Bliſſe, and ſupernatural Blood:
The name of all our Lives and Loves.
Hearken, and help, ye Holy Doves!
The high-born Brood of Day, you bright
Candidates of bliſsful Light,
The Heirs Elect of Love, whoſe Names belong
Unto the everlaſting life of Song;
All ye wiſe ſouls, who in the wealthy Breſt
Of this unbounded Name build your warm Neſt.
Awake, my Glory, Soul, (if ſuch thou be,
And that fair Word all refer to thee)
Awake and Sing
And be all Wing;
Bring hither thy whole Self; and let me ſee,
What of thy Parent Heav'n yet ſpeaks in Thee.
O thou art Poor,
Of Noble Pow'rs, I ſee,
And full of nothing elſe but empty Me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely leſs
Then this great Mornings mighty buſineſs.
One little World or two
(Alas) will never do;
We muſt have ſtore.
Go, Soul, out of thy ſelf, and ſeek for More,
Go and requeſt

Great

Great Nature for the Key of her huge Chest
Of Heav'ns, the self-involving Set of Sphears
(Which dull Mortality more feels then hears)
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and traverse round
The Airy shop of Soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the fame
All-Soveraign Name.
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer Artful touch,
That they convene and come away
To wait at the Love-Crowned Doors of that
Illustrious Day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'l do't and bring
No other Note for't, but the Name we sing.
Wake Lute and Harp
And every sweet-lipp'd thing
That talks with Tuneful string;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.
Nor must you think it much
T' obey my bolder touch;
I have authority in Love's Name to take you
And to the work of Love this morning wake you;
Wake; in the Name
Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or what's the same,
Are Musical;
Answer my Call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal Song.

Come, ye ſoft Miniſters of ſweet ſad mirth,
Bring all your Houſhold-ſtuff of Heav'n on Earth;
O you, my Soul's moſt certain Wings,
Complaining Pipes, and prating ſtrings,
Bring all the ſtore
Of Sweets you have; and murmur that you have
no more.
Come, ne'r to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come ſtrong,
To the conſpiracy of our ſpacious ſong.
Bring all the Pow'rs of Praiſe
Your Provinces of well-united Worlds can raiſe;
Bring all your Lutes and Harps of Heav'n and Earth;
What e'r cooperates to the common mirth
Veſſels of vocal joys,
Or you, more Noble Architects of intellectual noiſe,
Cymballs of Heav'n, or Humane ſphears,
Solliciters of Souls or Ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call;
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Your ſelves into the long
And everlaſting ſeries of a deathleſs Song;
Mix all your many Worlds, above,
And looſe them into One of Love.
Chear thee my Heart!
For thou too haſt thy part
And place in the great Throng
Of this unbounded all-imbracing Song.
Pow'rs of my Soul, be proud!
And ſpeak loud

To

To all the dear-bought Nations this Redeeming Name;
And in the wealth of one rich Word proclaim
New Similes to Nature.
May it be no wrong
Bleſt Heav'ns, to you, and your Superior ſong,
That we, dark Sons of Duſt and Sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your Delights and our Deſires,
And fit it to ſo farr inferior Lyres.
Our Murmurs have their Muſick too,
Ye Mighty Orbs, as well as you,
Nor yields the Nobleſt neſt
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,
A choicer Leſſon then the joyful Breſt
Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove.
And we, low Worms have leave to do
The ſame bright buſineſs (ye third Heav'ns) with you.
Gentle Spirits, do not complain;
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And ſend it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name! appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful Light;
Look from thine own illuſtrious home,
Fair King of Names, and come:
Leave all thy Native Glories in their gorgeous Neſt,
And give thy ſelf a while the gracious Gueſt.
Of humble Souls, that ſeek to find
The hidden Sweets
Which man's heart meets
When thou art Maſter of the Mind.
Come, Lovely Name; life of our hope!
Lo we hold our Hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy Cabinet of Day

Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for thy golden showrs! with long stretch't hands.
Lo how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee,
Leaps at thy Birth.
Th' attending World, to wait thy Rise,
First turn'd to Eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to Tears, and spent them too.
Come Royal Name; and pay th' expence
Of all this precious patience.
O come away
And kill the Death of this Delay.
O see, so many Worlds of barren years
Melted and Measur'd out in Seas of Tears.
O see the weary Lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's Eastern windows) all wide ope
With Curtains drawn,
To catch the Day-break of thy Dawn.
O dawn, at last, long-look't for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring Spirits that throng
Like diligent Bees, and swarm about it.
O they are wise:
And know what Sweets are suck't from out it.
It is the Hive,
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of Honey lies.
Lo where it comes, upon the snowy Doves
Soft back; and brings a bosome big with Loves.
Welcome to our dark World, thou

Womb

Womb of Day!
Unfold thy fair Conceptions; and display
The Birth of our bright joys.
O thou compacted
Body of Blessings: Spirit of Souls extracted!
O dissipate thy spicy Powr's
(Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us
In balmy showrs;
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so prophane a Fallacy
To think ought sweet but that which smells of thee.
Fair, Flowry Name, in none but thee
And thy Nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal Synod of all Sweets;
By whom it is defined Thus
That no Perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for oderiferous,
But such alone whose sacred Pedigree
Can prove it self some kin (sweet name) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in thy each Syllable
A thousand Blest Arabias dwell;
A Thousand Hills of Frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh, and Beds of Spices,
And Ten thousand Paradises.
The Soul that tasts thee takes from thence
How many unknown Worlds there are
Of Comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand Mercies there
In Pity's soft Lap lie a sleeping!
Happy he who has the Art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his Heart,

O that it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles, gave Glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the Face
Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a Grave.
On their bold Brests about the World they bore thee
And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,
In Center of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where Racks and Torments striv'd in vain to reach thee.

Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair Brests of thy Friends,
Their Fury but made way
For thee; and serv'd them in thy Glorious ends,
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Inlarge thy flaming brested Lovers
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers,
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For thee: fair purple Doors, of Love's deviſing,
The Ruby windows which inrich't the *East*
Of thy so oft repeated Rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of Love oreflow'd the bounds
Of Wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome Dear, All-Adored Name!
For sure there is no Knee
That knows not thee.
Or if there be such Sons of shame,
Alas what will they do
When stubborn Rocks shall bow

And

And Hills hang down their Heav'n-saluting Heads
To seek for humble Beds
Of Dust, where in the bashful shades of night
Next to their own low Nothing they may lye,
And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread Majesty.
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore the,
Shall then with just Confusion, bow
And break before thee.

In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God, a Hymn sung as by the Three Kings.

1. *KING.*

BRight Babe, whose awful Beauties make
The morn incurr a sweet mistake;
2. For whom th' officious Heav'ns devise
To disinherit the Suns Rise,
3. Delicately to displace
The Day, and plant it fairer in thy Face;
1. O thou born King of Loves,
2. Of Lights,
3 Of Joys.
Cho. Look up. Sweet Babe, look up, and see
For love of thee
Thus far from home
The *East* is come
To seek her self in thy sweet Eyes.
1, We, who strangely went astray,
Lost in a bright
Meridian night,
2. A Darkness made of too much Day,

3 Beckon'd from far
By thy fair Star,
Lo at last have found our way.

Cho. To Thee, thou Day of Night: thou *East* of *West*!
Lo we at last have found the way
To thee, the Worlds great Universal *East*;
The general and indifferent day.

1 All-circling point, All-centring sphere,
The World's One, Round, Eternal year.
2 Whose full and all-unwrinkled face
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;
3 But every where, and every while
Is one consistent solid smile;
1 Not vext and toss't.
2. 'Twixt Spring and Frost,
3 Nor by alternate shreds of Light
Sordidly shifting hands with Shades and Night.

Cho. O little all, in thy embrace
The World lies warm, and likes his place;
Nor does his full Globe fail to be
Kist on both his Cheeks by thee:
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole World thy half Sphere.

1 To thee, to thee
From him we flee
2 From him, whom by a more illustrious lye,
The blindness of the World did call the Eye;
3 To him, who by these mortal Clouds hast made
Thy Self our Sun, though thine own Shade.
2 Farewel, the World's false Light;
Farewel, the white
Egypt, a long farewel to thee
Bright Idol; black Idolatry.

The

The dire face of inferiour darkneſs, kiſt
And courted in the pompous Mask of a more ſpecious Miſt.
2 Farwell, farewell
The proud and miſplac't Gates of Hell,
Perch't, in the morning's way
And double-guilded as the doors of Day;
The deep Hypocriſie of Death and Night
More deſperately dark, becauſe more bright.
3 Welcome, the World's ſure way;
Heav'ns wholſome Ray.
Cho. Welcome to us; and we
Sweet to our ſelves, in thee.
1. The deathleſs Heir of all thy Fathers day;
2 Decently born,
Emboſom'd in a much more Roſie Morn,
The Bluſhes of thy all-unblemiſh't Mother.
3 No more that other
Aurora ſhall ſet ope
Her Ruby Caſements, or hereafter hope
From mortal Eyes
To meet Religious welcomes at her Riſe.
Cho. We (pretious ones) in you have won
A gentler Morn, a juſter Sun.
1 His ſuperficial Beams Sun-burn't our skin;
2 But left within
3 The night and Winter ſtill of Death and Sin.
Cho. Thy ſofter yet more certain Darts
Spare our Eyes, but pierce our Hearts.
1 Therefore with his proud Perſian ſpoils
2 We court thy more concerning ſmiles.
3 Therefore with his diſgrace
We guild the humble Cheek of this chaſt place;
Cho. And at thy Feet pour forth his Face,

1 The doating Nations now no more
Shall any day but thine adore.
2 Nor (much leſs) ſhall they leave theſe Eyes
For cheap Egyptian Deities.
3 In whatſoe'r more Sacred ſhape
Of Ram, He-Goat, or Reverend Ape,
Thoſe beauteous raviſhers oppreſt ſo ſore
The too-hard-tempted Nations.
1 Never more
By wanton Heyfer ſhall be worn
2 A Garland, or a guilded Horn.
The Altar-ſtall'd Ox, fat Oſyris now
With his fair Siſter Cow,
3 Shall kick the Clouds no more; but lean and tame
Cho. See his horn'd Face, and dy for ſhame,
And *Mithra* now ſhall be no name.
1. No longer ſhall the immodeſt Luſt
Of adulterous Godles duſt
2 Fly in the face of Heav'n; as if it were
The poor World's Fault that he is fair.
3 Nor with perverſe Loves and Religious Rapes
Revenge thy Bounties in their beauteous ſhapes;
And puniſh beſt things worſt; becauſe they ſtood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1 Proud ſons of death that durſt compel
Heav'n it ſelf to find them Hell;
2 And by ſtrange wit of madneſs wreſt
From this World's *Eaſt* the other's *Weſt*.
3 All-Idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
And urge their Sun into thy Cloud;
Forcing his ſometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.
Cho. Alas with how much heavier ſhade

The shamfac't Lamp hung down his head,
For that one Eclipse he made,
Then all those he suffered!

1 For this he lookt so big, and every morn
With a red face confest this scorn;
Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so unkindly kist

2 It was for this the day did rise
So oft with blubber'd Eyes.
For this the Evening wept; and we ne'r knew
But call'd it Dew.

3 This daily wrong
Silenc't the morning Sons, and dampt their song

Cho. Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that thus
Long made th' Harmonious orbs all mute to us.

2 Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the love-sick World been made
Not so much their Sun as Shade,
Weary of this Glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of thy Tree;

Cho. Proud to have gain'd this precious loss
And chang'd his false Crown for thy Cross.

2 That dark day's clear doom shall define
Whose is the Master Fire, which Sun would shine;
That sable iudgement-seat shall by new laws
Decide and settle the Great cause
Of controverted light,

Cho. And natur's wrongs rejoyce to do thee right.

3 That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
All the idolatrous Thefts done by this night of day;
And the great Penitent press his own pale Lips
With an elaborate Love-eclipse

To

To which the low world's Laws
Shall lend no cause.

Cho. Save those domestick which he borrows
From our sins and his own sorrows.

1 Three sad hours sackcloth then shall show to us
His penitance, as our fault, conspicuous.

2 And he more needfully and nobly prove
The Nation's terror now then erst their love,

3 Their hated loves chang'd into wholsom fears.

Cho. The shutting of his Eye shall open theirs.

2 As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day
Mis-led before they lost their way,
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable night,
Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light,

2 And as before his too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindness now shall be
Their black, but faithful perspective of thee;

3 His new prodigious night,
Their new and admirable light;
The supernatural Dawn of thy pure day,
While wondring they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see
To kiss him only as their rod
Whom they so long courted as God,

Cho. And their best use of him they worship't be
To learn, of him at last, to worship thee.

2 It was their Weakness woo'd his Beauty;
But it shall be
Their wisdom now, as well as duty,

T'injoy

T' injoy his Blot; and as a large black Letter
Use it to spel thy Beauties Better;
And make the night it self their torch to thee.

2 By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch't in that conscious shade
The right ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous gaze invade
And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see
On this dark Ground
To descant thee.

3 O price of the rich Spirit! with that fierce chase
Of this strong Soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty Face;
And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious Cloud;
Once call'd a Sun;
Till dearly this undone,

Cho. Till thus triumphantly cam'd (O ye two
Twin-Suns!) and taught now to negotiate you.

1 Thus shall that reverend Child of light,
2 By being Scholar first of that new night,
Come forth Great Master of the mistick day;
3 And teach obscure Mankind a more close way
By the frugal negative Light
Of a most wise and well-abused Night,
To read more legible thine original Ray,

Cho. And make our darkness serve thy day;
Maintaining 'twixt thy World and ours
A commerce of contrary pow'rs,
A mutual Trade
'Twixt Sun and Shade,
By confederate Black and White
Borrowing Day and lending Night.

1 Thus we, who when with all the Noble powr's
That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours;
We vow to make brave way
Upwards, and prest on for the pure intelligential prey,
2 At last to play
The amorous spies
And peep and proffer at thy sparkling Throne;
3 Instead of bringing in the blissful Prize
And fastning on thine Eyes,
Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loss, at last of brain;
Cho. Now by abased Lids shall learn to be
Eagles; and shut our Eyes that we may see.

The Close.

Therefore to thee and thine auspicious ray
(Dread sweet!) so thus
At last by us,
The delegated Eye of Day
Does first his Scepter, then himself in solemn Tribute pay.
Thus he undresses
His sacred unshorn Tresses;
At thy adored Feet, thus, he lays down
1 His gorgeous tire
Of Flame and Fire,
2 His glittering Robe, 3 His sparkling Crown,
3 His Gold, 2 His Mirth, 3. His Frankincence,
Cho. To which he now has no pretence.
For being show'd by this days light, how far
He is from Sun enough to make thy Star,
His best ambition now, is but to be
Something a brighter shadow (Sweet) of thee;

Or

Or on Heav'ns azure forehead high to stand
Thy Golden Index; with a duteous Hand
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The World's and his Hyperion.

To the Queen's Majesty on Twelfth-day.

MADAM,

'Mongst those long rows of Crowns that guild your Race.
These Royal sages sue for decent place.
The day-break of the Nations; their first ray;
When the dark World dawn'd into Christian day.
And smil'd i'th Babes bright face, the purpling Bud
And Rosy dawn of the right Royal Blood;
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb; sure Kings in this;
They took a Kingdom while they gave a kiss,
But the World's Homage, scarce in these well blown,
We read in you (Rare Queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich seed of Diadems
Does rise a radiant crop of Royal stems,
A Golden Harvest of Crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kisses from the Lambs white feet.
In this illustrious throng, your lofty sloud
Swels high, fair confluence of all highborn Bloud:
With your bright head whose groves of Scepters bend
Their wealthy tops; and for these feet contend.
So swore the Lambs dread Sire, and so we see't,
Crowns, and the Heads they kiss must court these Feet.
Fix here fair Majesty! may your heart ne'r miss
To reap new Crowns and Kingdoms from that kiss;

Nor

Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you
The aged honors of this day still new.
May the great time, in you, still greater be
While all the year is your Epiphany,
While your each day's Devotion duly brings
Three Kingdoms to supply this days three Kings.

The Office of the Holy Cross:
For the hour of Matins.

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign,

The Responsory.

Defend us from our Foes and Thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord.
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, *Amen.*

THE HYMN.

THe wakeful Matines haste to sing,
The unknown sorrows of our King,
The Father's Word and Wisdome, made
Man, for Man, by Man's betraid:
The world's price set to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold;
Of his best Friends (yea of himself) forsaken,
By his worst foes (because he would) besieg'd and taken.

The

The Antiphon.

All hail, fair Tree.
Whose Fruit we be.
What Song shall raise
Thy seemly praise.
Who broughtst to light
Life out of Death, Day out of night.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy Cross,
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole World's loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church peace and concord; to us sinners life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

For the hour of Prime.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign.

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my Lips, O Lord.
Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.
Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me.
Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me.
Glory be to, *&c.*
As it was in, *&c.*

THE HYMN.

THe early Prime bluſhes to ſay
She could not riſe ſo ſoon, as they
Call'd *Pilate* up, to try if he
Could lend them any Cruelty.
Their Hands with laſhes arm'd, their Tongues with lyes,
And loathſome Spittle blot thoſe beauteous Eyes,
The bliſsful ſprings of Joy, from whoſe all-chearing ray
The fair Stars fill their wakeful fires, the Sun himſelf drinks day.

The Antiphon.

Victorious Sign
That now doſt ſhine,
Tranſcrib'd above
Into the Land of Light and Love;
O let us twine
Our Roots with thine,

That

That we may rise
Upon thy Wings and reach the Skies.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before thee

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy Cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

The Third.

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord,
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Ver. Glory be to, *&c.*
Res. As it was in the, *&c.*

THE HYMN.

THe Third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of Crucify him, Crucify.
So goes the vote (nor ask them, why!)
Live *Barabbas*! and let God dy.
But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
A Hall more cruel then their Crucify,
For while in ſport he wears a ſpiteful Crown,
The ſerious ſhow'rs along his decent Face run ſadly down.

The Antiphon.

Chriſt when he dy'd
Deceiv'd the Croſs,
And on Death's ſide
Threw all the loſs.
The captive World awak't, and found
The Priſoner looſe, the Jaylor bound.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before thee

The Reſponſor,

'Cauſe by the Covenant of thy Croſs
Thou haſt ſav'd at once the whole World's loſs

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Son of the living God! interpoſe, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Croſs and Paſſion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchſafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remiſſion and reſt; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us ſinners, life and glory everlaſting,

Who

Who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

The SIXTH.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign,

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my lips, O Lord,

Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.

Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me,

Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me.

Ver. Glory be to, *&c:*

Reſ. As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

NOw is the Noon of ſorrow's night;
High in his patience as their ſpight.
Lo the faint Lamb, with weary Limb
Bears that huge Tree which muſt bear him.
That fatal Plant, ſo great of Fame
For fruit of ſorrow and of ſhame,
Shall ſwell with both for him; and mix
All woes into one Crucifix.
Is tortur'd Thirſt it ſelf, too ſweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks ſhall make it up.
Are Nails blunt Pens of ſuperficial ſmart?
Contempt and ſcorn can ſend ſure wounds to ſearch the inmoſt Heart.

The Antiphon.

O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt death's and Love's far different Fruit!
Different as far
As Antidotes and Poisons are.
By that first fatal Tree
Both Life and Liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this they both look up, and live again.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of thy Cross.
Thou hast sav'd the World from certain loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church peace and concord, to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

The NINTH.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign,

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my lips, O Lord,

Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.

Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me,

Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me

Glory be to, *&c.*

As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

THe Ninth with awful horror hark'ned to thoſe groans
Which taught attention even to Rocks and Stones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at laſt) complains
Of ſome more painful thing then all his pains.
Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies
His own Lov's, and our ſin's great Sacrifice.
The Sun ſaw that; and would have ſeen no more
The Center ſhook, her uſeleſs veil th' inglorious Temple tore.

The Antiphon.

O ſtrange myſterious ſtrife
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the croſs my King did bleed,
Life ſeem'd to die, Death dy'd indeed.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and fall
thus low before thee

The

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of thy Cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living God! interpose I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgement, now and in the hour of my death; and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting: who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

Even-Song.

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord,
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Ver. Glory be to, *&c.*
Res. As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

BUt there were Rocks would not relent at this.
Lo, for their own hearts they rend His.

Their

Their deadly hate lives ſtill, and hath
A wild reſerve of wanton wrath;
Superfluous Spear! but there's a Heart ſtands by
Will look no wounds be loſt, no death ſhall dy,
Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, Great Mother-maid!
Then ſit thee down, and ſing thy Ev'n-ſong in the ſad
Trees ſhade.

The Antiphon.

O ſad, ſweet Tree!
Woful and joyful we
Both weep and ſing in ſhade of thee,
When the dear Nails did lock
And graft into thy gracious Stock
The hope, the health,
The worth, the wealth
Of all the ranſom'd World, thou hadſt the power
(In that propitious hour)
To poiſe each precious Limb,
And prove how light the World was when it weigh'd
with Him.
Wide maiſt thou ſpred
Thine Arms; and with thy bright and bliſful head
O'rlook all *Libanus*. Thy lofty crown
The King himſelf is, thou his humble Throne.
Where yielding, and yet conquering he
Prov'd a new path of patient victory.
When wondring death by death was ſlain,
And our Captivity his Captive ta'ne.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Reſponſor.

Cauſe by the covenant of thy Croſs
Thou haſt ſav'd the World from certain loſs.

The

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living, *&c.*

COMPLINE.

The Versicle.

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign.

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Ver. Glory be to, *&c.*
Res. As it was in. *&c.*

The HYMN

THe Compline hour comes last, to call
Us to our own Live's funeral.
Ah hartless task! yet hope takes head;
And lives in him that here lies dead.
Run, *Mary*, run! bring hither all the Blest
Arabia, for thy Royal Phenix' nest;
Pour on thy Noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter Body, shall indeed be such,
But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd Grave
Who lendst to all things all the life they have.
O rather use this Heart, thus far a fitter Stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine own.
Amen.

The

The Antiphon.

O save us then
Merciful King of men!
Since thou wouldst needs be thus
A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;
Save us, O save us, Lord.
We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a narrower word,
Thy blood bids us be bold.
Thy wounds give us fair hold.
Thy sorrows chide our shame.
Thy Cross, thy Nature, and thy Name
Advance our claim
And cry with one accord,
Save them, O save them, Lord.

The Verficle.

Lo we adore thee
Bread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee.

The Responsor.

Cause by the covenant of thy Cross,
Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of, *&c.*

The RECOMMENDATION.

THese Hours, and that which hovers o'r my end,
Into thy Hands, and Heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
In that hour and in these, may be all thine.

That

That as I dedicate my devouteſt Breath
To make a kind of Life for my Lords Death,

So from his living, and life-giving Death,
My dying Life may draw a new, and never-fleeting Breath.

VEXILLA REGIS,

The Hymn of the Holy Croſs.

1.

LOok up, languiſhing ſoul! Lo where the fair
Badge of thy Faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'r forget
Thy Life is one long Debt
Of Love to Him, who on this painful Tree
Paid back the Fleſh he took for thee.

2.

Lo, how the ſtreams of Life from that full Neſt
Of Loves, thy Lord's too liberal Breſt
Flow in an amorous Floud
Of Water wedding Bloud.
With theſe he waſh't thy ſtain, transfer'd thy ſmart,
And took it home to his own heart.

3.

But though great Love, greedy of ſuch ſad gain
Uſurp't the portion of thy pain,

And

And from the Nails and Spear
Turn'd the ſteel point of Fear,
Their uſe is chang'd, not loſt; and now they move
Not ſtings of Wrath, but wounds of Love.

4.

Tall Tree of Life! thy Truth makes good
What was till now ne'r underſtood,
Though the prophetick King
Struck loud his faithful ſtring.
It was thy wood he meant ſhould make the Throne
For a more then *Salomon.*

5.

Large throne of Love! Royally ſpred
With purple of too rich a Red.
Thy crime is too much duty;
Thy burthen too much Beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy coſtly Excellence with thy Kings own Blood.

6.

Even ballance of both Worlds! our World of ſin,
And that of Grace Heav'n weigh'd in Him,
Us with our price thou weighedſt,
Our price for us thou payedſt;
Soon as the right-hand ſcale rejoyc't to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light then Love.

7.

Hail, our alone Hope! let thy fair Head ſhoot
Aloft; and fill the Nations with thy Noble fruit.

The

The while our hearts and we
Thus graft our selves on thee;
Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increase
The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace.

Live, O for ever Live and Reign
The Lamb whom his own Love has slain!
And let thy lost sheep live t' inherit
That Kingdom which this Cross did merit. *Amen.*

Charitas Nimia.

Or the dear Bargain.

LOrd, what is Man? why should he cost thee
So dear? what had his ruine lost thee?
Lord, what is Man? that thou hast over-bought
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple Merchant man.
'Twas for such sorry Merchandise,
Bold Painters have put out his Eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to thee
If there were no such Worms as we?
Heav'n ne'rtheless still Heav'n would be.
Should Mankind dwell
In the deep Hell,
What have his Woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep
O'r his own wounds:
Seraphims will not sleep
Nor Sphears let fall their faithful sounds.

Still

Still would the youthful Spirits ſing,
And ſtill thy ſpacious Palace ring.
Still would thoſe beauteous Miniſters of Light
Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee,
Still Thrones and Dominations would adore thee,
Still would thoſe ever-wakeful ſons of fire
Keep warm thy praiſe
Both nights and days,
And teach thy lov'd name to their Noble Lyre.

Let froward Duſt then do its kind;
And give it ſelf for ſport to the proud wind.
Why ſhould a piece of peeviſh Clay plead ſhares
In the Eternity of thy old cares?
Why ſhouldſt thou bow thy awful Breſt to ſee
What mine own madneſſes have done with me?

Should not the King ſtill keep his Throne
Becauſe ſome deſperate Fool's undone?
Or will the World's illuſtrious Eyes
Weep for every Worm that dies;

Will the gallant Sun
E'r the leſs Glorious run?
Will he hang down his Golden head
Or e'r the ſooner ſeek his Weſtern bed,
Becauſe ſome fooliſh Fly
Grows wanton, and will dye?

If I were loſt in miſery,
What was it to thy Heav'n and thee?
What was it to thy precious blood
If my ſoul Heart call'd for a floud?

What

What if my faithleſs ſoul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and ſin,
What did the Lamb that he ſhould dye?
What did the Lamb that he ſhould need?
When the Wolf ſins, himſelf to bleed?

If my baſe Luſt,
Bargain'd with Death and well-beſeeming Duſt
Why ſhould the white
Lamb's boſome write
The purple name
Of my ſin's ſhame?

Why ſhould his unſtain'd Breſt make good
My bluſhes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour make me ſee
How dearly thou haſt paid for me

That loſt again, my Life may prove
As then in Death, ſo now in Love.

Sancta Maria dolorum,

Or the Mother of ſorrows; a Pathetical deſcant upon the devout Plainſong of Stabat Mater doloroſa.

1.

IN ſhade of Deaths ſad Tree
Stood doleful ſhe,
Ah ſhe! now by no other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before

Before her Eyes
Her's and the whole World's joyes,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And Pains, her pangs and throes.
Each wound of his, from every part,
All, more at home in her own heart.

2.

What kind of Marble than
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such Noble sorrows company?
Sure even from you
(My Flints) some drops are due
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft Breast.
While with a faithful, mutual, flood
Her Eyes bleed Tears, his wounds weep blood.

3.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse
Divided Loves: while Son and Mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another;
Quick Deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and go:
His Nails write swords in her; which soon her heart
Pays back, with more then their own smart;
Her swords, still growing with his pain,
Turn Spears, and straight come home again;

4.

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swim
In woes that were not made for him.
Ah hard Command
Of Love! Here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast Eye
See her life dye:
Leaving her only so much Breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

5.

O Mother Turtle-dove!
Soft sourse of Love,
That these dry Lids might borrow
Somthing from thy full seas of Sorrow!
O in that Brest
Of thine (the noblest Nest
Both of Love's Fires and Flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold, Heart of mine!
The chil lump would relent, and prove
Soft Subject for the siege of Love.

6.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me; me, so to read
This Book of Loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it

With

With Loyal cares.
O let me here claim ſhares;
Yield ſomething in thy ſad prerogative
(Great Queen of griefs) and give
Me to my Tears; who, though all ſtone,
Think much that thou ſhouldſt mourn alone.

7.

Yea let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the Humble Foot
Of this fair Tree take our Eternal Root.
That ſo we may
At leaſt be in Loves way;
And in theſe chaſte wars while the wing'd wounds flee
So faſt 'twixt him and thee,
My Breſt may catch the kiſs of ſome kind Dart,
Though as at ſecond hand, from either Heart.

8.

O you, your own beſt Darts,
Dear doleful hearts!
Hail; and ſtrike home and make me ſee
That wounded boſomes their own weapons be.
Come Wounds! come Darts!
Nail'd hands! and piereed hearts!
Come your whole ſelves, Sorrow's great Son and Mother.
Nor grudge a younger Brother
Of grief's his portion, who (had all their due)
One ſingle wound ſhould not have left for you.

9.

Shall I ſet there
So deep a ſhare
(Dear wounds) and onely now
In ſorrows draw no dividend with you!
O be more wiſe,
If not more ſoft, mine Eyes!
Flow, tardy Founts! and into decent ſhowrs
Diſſolve my Days and Hours.
And if thou yet (faint ſoul!) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

10.

Rich Queen, lend ſome relief;
At leaſt an alms of Grief
To' a heart who by ſad right of ſin
Could prove the whole ſum (too ſure) due to him.
By all thoſe ſtings
Of Love, ſweet bitter things,
Which theſe torn hands tranſcrib'd on thy true Heart;
O teach mine too, the Art
To ſtudy him ſo, till we mix
Wounds, and become one Crucifix.

11.

O let me ſuck the Wine
So long of this chaſte Vine,
Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A loſt thing to the World, as it to me.

O faithful friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold up my life in Love; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death.
Lo, heart, thy hopes whole Plea! her precious breath
Powr'd out in Prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death.

The Hymn of St. Thomas, *in Adoration of the Bleſſed Sacrament.*

With all the pow'rs my poor Heart hath
Of humble Love and Loyal Faith,
Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee
Whom too much Love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud ſenſe! diſcourſes dye,
Keep cloſe, my ſoul's inquiring Eye!
Nor touch nor taſte muſt look for more,
But each ſit ſtill in his own door.

Your Ports are all ſuperfluous here,
Save that which lets in Faith, the Ear.
Faith is my skill; Faith can believe
As faſt as Love new Laws can give.
Faith is my force; Faith ſtrength affords
To keep pace with thoſe pow'rful words:
And words more ſure, more ſweet then they
Love could not think, truth could not ſay.

O let thy wretch find that relief
Thou didſt afford the faithful Thief;
Plead for me, Love! Alledge and ſhow
That Faith has farther, here, to go,

And leſs to lean on; becauſe than
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee Man,
Thomas might touch; none but might ſee
At leaſt the ſuffring ſide of thee;
And that too was thy ſelf which thee did cover,
But here ev n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet conſider then, that I
Though allow'd not Hand nor Eye
To teach at thy lov'd Face; nor can
Taſte thee God, or touch thee Man;
Both yet believe and witneſs thee
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my Hope increaſe;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give Love for Life, nor let my days
Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praiſe.

O dear memorial of that Death
Which lives ſtill, and allows us Breath!
Rich, Royal Food! Bountiful Bread!
Whoſe uſe denies us to the Dead;
Whoſe vital guſt alone can give
The ſame leave both to Eat and Live;
Live ever Bread of Loves, and be
My Life, my Soul, my ſurer ſelf to me.

O ſoft ſelf-wounding Pelican!
Whoſe Breſt weeps Balm for wounded Man:
Ah this way bend thy benign Floud
To a bleeding Heart that g.ſpes for Blood;
That Blood, whoſe leaſt drops ſoveraign be
To waſh my Worlds of ſins from me.

Come

Come Love! Come Lord! and that long day
For which I languiſh, come away.
When this dry ſoul thoſe Eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd ſourſe of thee.
When Glory's Sun Faith's ſhade ſhall chaſe,
Then for thy veil give me thy Face, *Amen.*

The Hymn for the Bleſſed Sacrament.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

1.

RIſe, Royal *Sion!* riſe and ſing
Thy Soul's kind Shepheard, thy Hearts King.
Stretch all thy powers; call if you can
Harps of Heav'n to hands of man,
This Soveraign ſubject ſits above
The beſt ambition of thy Love.

2.

Lo the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant Text, provokes thy praiſe
The living and life-giving Bread,
To the Great Twelve diſtributed
When Life himſelf at point to dy,
Of Love, was his own Legacy.

3.

Come, Love! and let us work a Song
Loud and pleaſant, ſweet and long;

Let Lips and Hearts lift high the noiſe
Of ſo juſt and ſolemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

4.

Lo the new Law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb bleſſes the Board.
The aged *Paſcha* pleads not years
But ſpies Love's dawn, and diſappears.
Types yield to Truths; ſhades ſhrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

5.

But leſt that dy too, we are bid,
Ever to do what he once did.
And by a mindful, myſtick breath,
That we may live, revive his Death;
With a well-bleſt Bread and Wine
Tranſum'd, and taught to turn Divine.

6.

The Heav'n-inſtructed houſe of Faith
Here a Holy Dictate hath,
That they but lend their Form and Face,
Themſelves with reverence leave their place
Nature and Name to be made good
By a Nobler Bread, more needful Blood,

7. Where

7.

Where Nature's Laws no leave will give,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe
In different ſpecies, name not things
Himſelf to me my Saviour brings,
As Meat in that, as Drink in this;
But ſtill in both one Chriſt he is.

8.

The receiving Mouth here makes
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one Thouſand be
Here Dividers, ſingle he
Bears home no leſs, all they no more,
Nor leave they both leſs then before.

9.

Though in it ſelf this Soveraign Feaſt
Be all the ſame to every Gueſt,
Yet on the ſame (life-meaning) Bread
The child of death eats himſelf dead.
Nor is't Love's fault, but Sins dire skill
That thus from Life can Death diſtil.

10.

When the bleſt ſigns thou broke ſhal't ſee,
Hold but thy Faith intire as he,
Who, howſoe'r clad, cannot come
Leſſe then whole Chriſt in every crumme.

In

In broken forms a ſtable Faith
Intouch't her precious Total hath.

11.

Lo the Life-food of Angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The Childrens Bread; the Bridegroom's Wine,
Not to be caſt to Dogs or Swine.

12.

Lo, the full, final, Sacrifice
On which all Figures fix't their Eyes,
The ranſom'd *Iſack*, and his Ram;
The *Manna*, and the *Paſchal Lamb*.

13.

Jeſu, Maſter, Juſt and true!
Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too!
O by thy ſelf vouchſafe to keep,
As with thy ſelf thou feedſt thy ſheep.

14.

O let that Love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low Mortality,
Lift our lean Souls, and ſet us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of Saints, that ſo all may
Drink the ſame Wine; and the ſame Way.
Nor change the Paſture, but the Place,
To feed of Thee in thine own Face. *Amen.*

The HYMN.

Dies iræ dies illa.

In Meditation of the day of Judgment.

1.

HEars't thou, my ſoul, what ſerious things
Both the Pſalm and Sybil ſings
Of a ſure Judge, from whoſe ſharp Ray
The World in Flames ſhall fly away.

2.

O that fire! before whoſe face
Heav'n and Earth ſhall find no place:
O theſe Eyes! whoſe angry light
Muſt be the day of that dread Night.

3.

O that trump! whoſe blaſt ſhall run
An' Even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

4.

Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come, and all
The Caves of Night anſwer one call.

5.

O that Book! whose Leaves so bright
Will set the World in severe Light.
O that Judge! whose Hand, whose Eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

6.

Ah then, poor Soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what Patron chuse to pray?
When Stars themselves shall stagger; and
The most firm Foot no more then stand.

7.

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thy self in Thee;
And with the wings of thine own Dove
Fly to thy Scepter of soft Love.

8.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd, and thou wouldst be
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

9.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of Love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less
Then all that way and weariness?

10. Just

10.

Juſt Mercy then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at firſt with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

11.

Mercy (my Judge) Mercy I cry
With bluſhing Cheek and bleeding Eye,
The conſcious Colours of my ſin
Are Red without and pale within.

12.

O let thine own ſoft Bowells pay
Thy ſelf; and ſo diſcharge that day.
If ſin can ſigh, Love can forgive.
O ſay the word, my Soul ſhall live.

13.

Thoſe Mercies which thy *Mary* found
Or who thy Croſs conſeſt and Crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the ſame Loves be
Still alive and ſtill for me.

14.

Though both my Pray'rs and Tears combine,
Both worthleſs are; for they are mine.
But thou thy bounteous ſelf ſtill be;
And ſhow thou art, by ſaving me.

15.

O when thy laſt frown ſhall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy loſt ſheep found ſhall be,
Let *come ye Bleſſed* then call me.

16.

When the dread *Ite* ſhall divide
Thoſe Limbs of death from thy left ſide,
Let thoſe Life-ſpeaking Lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

17.

O hear a ſuppliant heart; all cruſh't
And crumbled into contrite duſt.
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

The HYMN.
O Glorioſa Domina.

HAil, moſt High, moſt humble one!
Above the World; below thy Son
Whoſe bluſh the Moon beauteouſly marres
And ſtains the timerous light of Stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till he had made himſelf thy Son.
The whole World's hoſt would be thy gueſt
And board himſelf at thy rich Breſt,

O

O boundleſs Hoſpitality!
The Feaſt of all things feeds on thee.
The firſt *Eve*, Mother of our Fall,
E'r ſhe bore any one, ſlew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a haſty Grave;
Quick buried in the wanton Tomb
Of one forbidden bit;
Had not a better Fruit forbidden it.
Had not thy healthful womb
The Worlds new *Eaſtern* window been
And given us Heav'n again in giving him.
Thine was the Roſy Dawn that ſprung the Day
Which renders all the Stars ſhe ſtole away.
Let then the aged World be wiſe, and all
Prove Nobly, here, unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other
And call the Maiden *Eve* their Mother.
Ye redeem'd Nations far and Near,
Applaud your happy ſelves in her,
(All you to whom this Love belongs)
And keep't alive with laſting ſongs.
Let Hearts and Lips ſpeak loud, and ſay,
Hail, door of Life, and ſourſe of Day!
The Door was ſhut, the Fountain ſeal'd;
Yet Light was ſeen and Life reveal'd;
The Fountain ſeal'd, yet Life found way.
Glory to thee, great Virgin's ſon
In boſom of thy Fathers bliſs.
The ſame to thee, ſweet Spirit be done;
As ever ſhall be, was, and is, *Amen.*

The Flaming Heart, upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa, *as she is usually expressed with a Seraphim beside her.*

WEll meaning Readers! you that come as friends
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste t' admire
That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire,
That is a Seraphim, they say
And this the great *Teresia.*
Readers be rul'd by me; and make
Here a well-plac't and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read *Him* for *Her*, and *Her* for *Him*;
And call the Saint the Seraphim.
Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her Dart into his hand!
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the Mother Seraphim.
This is the Mistress flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see:
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold Pencil kist her Pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.

Why

Why Man, this ſpeaks pure mortal frame;
And mocks with female Froſt, Love's manly flame,
One would ſuſpect thou meanſt to print
Some weak, inferiour, Woman Saint.
But had thy pale-fac't purple took
Fire from the burning checks of that bright Book
Thou wouldſt on her have heapt up all
That could be found Seraphical;
What e'r this youth of fire wears fair,
Roſie Fingers, Radiant Hair.
Glowing Cheek, and gliſtring Wings,
All thoſe fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery Dart
Had fill'd the Hand of this great Heart.
Do then as equal right requires,
Since his the bluſhes be, and her's the fires,
Reſume and rectify thy rude deſign;
Undreſs thy Seraphim into Mine.
Redeem this injury of thy Art;
Give him the Vail, give her the Dart.
Give him the vail; that he may cover
The red Cheeks of a rivall'd Lover;
Aſham'd that our worl'd, now, can ſhow
Neſts of new Seraphims here below.
Give her the Dart for it is ſhe
(Fair youth) ſhoots both thy ſhaft and Thee!
Say, all ye wiſe and well-pierc't hearts
That live and dy amidſt her Darts,
What is't your taſtful ſpirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love?
Say and bear witneſs, Sends ſhe not
A Seraphim at every ſhot?
What Magazins of immortal Arms there ſhine,
Heav'ns great Artillery in each love-ſpun line.

Give then the Dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffring Seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things.
The glowing Cheeks, the glistering wings;
The Rosie hand, the radiant Dart;
Leave her alone the Flaming Heart.
Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but Love's whole Quiver.
For in Love's Field was never found
A Nobler weapon then a wound.
Love's Passives are his Activ'st part;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O Heart! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with Wounds and Darts;
Live in these conquering Leave's; Live all the same;
And walk through all Tongues one Triumphant flame;
Live here, great Heart; and love, and dye, and kill,
And bleed and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal Life where e'r it comes
Walk in a croud of Loves and Martyrdomes.
Let mystick Deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The Love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! shew here thy Art,
Upon this Carcass of a hard cold Heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of Light, that play
Among the Leaves of thy large Books of day,
Combin'd against this Breast at once break in
And take away from me my self and sin;

This

This Gracious Robbery ſhall thy bounty be
And my beſt fortunes ſuch fair ſpoils of me.
O thou undaunted Daughter of Deſires!
By all thy Dow'r of Lights and Fires;
By all the Eagle in thee, all the Dove;
By all thy Lives and Deaths of Love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirſts of Love more large then they;
By all thy brim-fill'd Bowls of fierce deſire;
By thy laſt mornings draught of liquid Fire;
By the full Kingdom of that final kiſs
That ſeiz'd thy parting Soul, and ſeal'd thee his;
By all the Heav'ns thou haſt in him
(Fair Siſter of the Seraphim)
By all of Him we have in Thee;
Leave nothing of my Self in me.
Let me ſo read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may dy.

A Song.

LOrd, when the ſenſe of thy ſweet Grace
Sends up my Soul to ſeek thy Face.
Thy Bleſſed Eyes breed ſuch deſire,
I dye in Love's delicious Fire.
O Love, I am thy Sacrifice,
Be ſtill Triumphant, Bleſſed Eyes
Still ſhine on me, fair Suns, that I
Still may behold, though ſtill I dye.

Second part.

Though ſtill I dye, I live again;
Still longing ſo to be ſtill ſlain,

So gainful is such loss of breath,
I dye even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to my self, I live in thee.

To Mistrses M. R. *Councel concerning her Choise.*

DEar, Heav'n-designed Soul!
Amongst the rest
Of Suiters that besiege your Maiden brest,
Why may not I
My fortune try
And venture to speak one good word
Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord;
You 'ave seen already in this lower sphear
Of Froth and Bubbles, what to look for here.
Say, gentle Soul, what can you find
But painted shapes,
Peacocks and Apes,
Illustrious Flies,
Guilded Dunghils, Glorious Lyes,
Goodly surmises
And deep disguises.
Oaths of Water, Words of Wind?
Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to Trust
Your Soul to any son of Dust.
'Tis time you listen to a braver Love,
Which from above
Calls you up higher,

And

And bids you come
And chooſe your room
Among his own fair ſons of fire,
Where you among
The Golden throng
That watches at his Palace doors
May paſs along
And follow thoſe fair Stars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
The falſe ſmiles of a ſublunary Sun.
Sweet, let me Propheſie that at laſt 'twill prove
Your wary Love
Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy Spouſe
Then this world of Lies can give you,
Ev'n for him with whom nor coſt,
Nor love, nor labour can be loſt;
Him who never, will deceive you.
Let not my Lord, the Mighty Lover
Of ſouls, diſdain that I diſcover
The hidden Art
Of his high ſtratagem to win your heart,
It was his Heav'nly Art
Kindly to croſs you
In your miſtaken Love,
That, at the next remove
Thence he might toſs you,
And ſtrike your troubled heart
Home to himſelf; to hide it in his Breſt
The bright ambroſial Neſt,
Of Love, of Life, and everlaſting Reſt.
Happy miſtake!
That thus ſhall wake
Your wiſe ſoul, never to be won
Now with a love below the Sun.

Your first choice fails, O when you choose agen,
May it not be among the sons of men.

ALEXIAS.

The Complaint of the forsaken wife of Saint Alexis.

The First ELEGY.

I Late the Roman Youth's lov'd praise and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd,
Lo here am left (alas,) For my lost mate
T'embrace my Tears, and kiss an unkind Fate.
Sure in my early woes Stars were at strife,
And try'd to make a Widow e'r a Wife.
Nor can I tell (and this new Tears doth breed)
In what strange path my Lord's fair footsteps bleed.
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.
(Who knows how powrful well-writ pray'rs would be)
Sending's too slow a word, my self would fly:
Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I?
But how shall I steal hence? *Alexis* thou,
Ah thou thy self, alas, has taught me how.
Love too, that leads thee, would lend thee the wings
To bear me harmless through the hardest things:
And where Love lends the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
If I be shipwrack't, Love shall teach to swim;
If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for him;

The

The noted ſea ſhall change his name with me,
I, 'mongſt the bleſt Stars a new name ſhall be;
And ſure where Lovers make their watry Graves,
The weeping Mariner will augment the waves.
For who ſo hard, but paſſing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and ſay,
Here't was the Roman Maid found a hard fate
While through the world ſhe fought her wandring Mate;
Here periſht ſhe, poor heart; Heav'ns, be my vows
As true to me, as ſhe was to her Spouſe.
O live, ſo rare a love! live! and in thee
The too frail life of femal conſtancy.
Farewel and ſhine, fair ſoul, ſhine there above
Firm in thy Crown, as here faſt in thy Love.
There thy loſt fugitive thou haſt found at laſt;
Be happy; and for ever hold him faſt.

The Second ELEGY.

THough all the Joys I had fled hence with thee,
Unkind! yet are my Tears ſtill true to me;
I 'm wedded o'r again ſince thou art gone,
Nor couldſt thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
Alexis's Widdow now is ſorrow's wife,
With him ſhall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome my ſad ſweet Mate! Now have I got
At laſt a conſtant Love that leaves me not.
Firm he, as thou art falſe, nor need my crys
Thus vex the Earth, and tear the Skies.
For him, alas, ne'r ſhall I need to be
Troubleſome to the World, thus, as for thee,

For thee I talk to Trees; with silent Groves
Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
Hills and relentless Rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardness more allude to thee;
To these I talk in Tears, and tell my pain;
And answer too for them in Tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary Sun?
My watry hour-Glass hath old time out-run.
O, I am Learned grown, poor Love and I
Have studied over all Astrology.
I'm perfect in Heav'ns state, with every Star
My skilful grief is grown familiar.
Rise, fairest of those fires; what e'r thou be
Whose Rosie beam shall point my Sun to me;
Such as the Sacred Light that er'st did bring
The Eastern Princes to their infant King.
O rise, pure Lamp! and lend thy Golden ray
That wary Love at last may find his way.

The Third ELEGY.

RIch, churlish Land! that hid'st so long in thee,
My Treasures, rich, alas, by robbing me.
Needs must my Miseries owe that man a spite
Who e'r he be was the first wandring Knight.
O had he ne'r been at that cruel cost
Nature's Virginity had ne'r been lost.
Seas had not been rebuk't by saucy Oars
But lain lock't up safe in their sacred shores
Men had not spurn'd at Mountains; nor made wars
With Rocks; nor bold hands struck the World's strong bars,

Nor

Nor loſt in too large bounds, our little *Rome*
Full ſweetly with it ſelf had dwelt at home.
My poor *Alexis*, then in peaceful life,
Had under ſome low roof lov'd his plain wife:
But now, ah me, from where he has no foes
He flies; and into wilful exile goes.
Cruel return or tell the reaſon why
Thy deareſt Parents have deſerv'd to dye.;
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
Unleſs it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
If Heats of Holier Love and high Deſire
Make big thy fair Breſt with immortal Fire,
What needs my virgin Lord fly thus from me,
Who only wiſh his virgin Wife to be?
Witneſs, chaſte Heav'ns! no happier vows I know
Then to a virgin Grave untouch't to goe.
Love's trueſt knot by *Venus* is not ty'd;
Nor do embraces only make a Bride.
The Queen of Angels, (and men chaſte as you)
Was Maiden-Wife, and Maiden-Mother too.
Cecilia, Glory of her Name and Blood
With happy gain her Maiden vows made good.
The luſty Bridegroom made appoach, young man,
Take heed (ſaid ſhe) take heed *Valerian*;
My boſome Guard, a Spirit great and ſtrong,
Stands arm'd to ſhield me from all wanton wrong.
My Chaſtity is Sacred; and my Sleep
Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears Arms, forſooth, and ſhould there be
No fortreſs built for true Virginity?
No gaping Gorgon this, none like the reſt
Of your learn'd Lyes: here you'l find no ſuch jeſt.
I'm yours, O were my God, my Chriſt ſo too,
I'd know no name of Love on Earth but you.

He

He yields, and ſtraight Baptiz'd, obtains the Grace
To gaze on the fair ſouldier's Glorious face.
Both mixt at laſt their Blood in one rich Bed
Of Roſie Martydome, twice Married.
O burn out *Hymen* bright in ſuch high Flame,
Thy Torch, terreſtrial Love, has here no name.
How ſweet the mutual yoke of Man and Wife,
When Holy fires maintain Love's Heav'nly life!
But I, (ſo help me Heav'n my hopes to ſee)
When Thouſands ſought my Love, lov'd none but Thee.
Still, as their vain Tears my firm vows did try,
Alexis, he alone is mine (ſaid I)
Half true, alas, half falſe, proves that poor Line,
Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

Deſcription of a Religious Houſe and condition of Life.

(Out of *BARCLAY.*)

NO roofs of Gold o'r riotous Tables ſhining,
Whole Days and Suns devour'd with endleſs Dining;
No Sails of Tyrian Silk proud pavements ſweeping;
Nor ivory couches coſtlyer ſlumbers keeping;
Falſe Lights of flairing Gemms; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flattering Men and friſking Boys;
Whate'r falſe ſhows of ſhort and ſlippery good
Mix the mad ſons of Men in mutual blood.
But Walks and unſhorn Woods; and Souls, juſt ſo
Unforc't and genuine; but not ſhady tho:
Our Lodgings hard and homely as our Fare,
That Chaſte and Cheap, as the few Clothes we wear:

Thoſe

Thoſe courſe and negligent, as the natural Locks
Of theſe looſe Groves, rough as th' unpoliſht Rocks,
A haſty portion of preſcribed ſleep;
Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep,
And Sing, and Sigh, and Work, and Sleep again;
Still rowling a round Sphear of ſtill-returning pain,
Hands full of hearty labours, do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let to morrows
New drops waſh off the ſweat of this days ſorrows.
A long and daily dying-life, which breaths
A reſpiration of reviving deaths,
But neither are there thoſe ignoble ſtings
That nip the boſome of the World's beſt things
And laſh Earth-laboring ſouls,
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake; as things too wiſe for ſleep;
But Reverent Diſcipline, and Religious Fear,
And ſoft obedience find ſweet biding here;
Silence, and ſacred Reſt; Peace, and pure joys;
Kind Loves keep houſe, lie cloſe, and make no noiſe,
And room enough for Monarchs while none ſwels
Beyond the Kingdoms of contentful Cels.
The ſelf-remembring Soul ſweetly recovers
Her kindred with the Stars; not baſely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original ſource of Light and intellectual Day.

Deaths Lecture, the Funeral of a young Gentleman.

DEar Reliques of a diſlodg'd Soul, whoſe lack
Makes many a mourning Paper put on black!
O ſtay a while e're thou draw in thy head
And wind thy ſelf up cloſe in thy cold bed.
Stay but a little while until I call
A ſummons worthy of thy Funeral;
Come then, Youth, Beauty and Blood;
All the ſoft pow'rs
Whoſe Silken flatteries ſwell a few fond hours
Into a falſe Eternity. Come man;
Hyperbolized Nothing! know thy ſpan;
Take thine own meaſure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy ſelf in thine Idea; thou
Huge emptineſs! contract thy ſelf, and ſhrink
All thy wild Circle to a point, O ſink
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean ſize
Call Heav'n to look on thee with narrow Eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet; till thou begin
To ſhow a Face, fit to confeſs thy Kin,
Thy Neighbourhood to Nothing.
Proud Looks, and lofty Eye-lids, here put on
Your ſelves in your unfaign'd reflexion,
Here, gallant Ladies; this unpartial Glaſs
(Though you be painted) ſhows you your true face:
Theſe death-ſeal'd Lips are they dare give the lye
To the loud boaſts of poor Mortality:
Theſe Curtain'd windows, this retired Eye
Out-ſtares the Lids of large-look't Tiranny:

This

This posture is the brave one, this that lies
Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus and defies
The World; all-daring Dust and Ashes! only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

Temperance, or the cheap Physitian upon the Translation of Lessius.

GOe now; and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease, and whilst they tug,
Thou to maintain their pretious strife
Spend the dear Treasures of thy life.
Goe take Physick, doat upon
Some big-nam'd Composition,
Th' Oraculous Doctors mystick Bills;
Certain hard Words made into Pills,
And what at last shal't gain by these?
Only a costlier disease,
That which makes us have no need
Of Physick, that's Physick indeed.
Hark hither, Reader, wilt thou see
Nature her own Physitian be?
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own Musick, his own Health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her Garments well,
Her Garments, that upon her sit
As Garments should do close and fit;
A well-cloth'd soul that's not oppress
Nor choak't with what she should be dress.
A soul-sheath'd in a Christal shrine;
Through which all her bright features shine;

As

As when a piece of wanton Lawn,
A thin aerial veil, is drawn
O'r beauties face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No Mists do Mask, no Lazy steams,
A happy soul, that all the way
To Heav'n rides in a Summers day.
Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd Blood
Baths him in a genuine Flood!
A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Would'st see blith looks, fresh Cheeks beguile
Age? would'st see *December* smile?
Would'st see Nests of new Roses grow
In a bed of reverend Snow?
Warm Thoughts, free Spirits flattering
Winter's self into a Spring.
In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when Life's sweet Fable ends,
Soul and Body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a Sigh, and so away.
This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see?
Hark hither; and thy self be he.

FINIS.